Missbehave!

MAKIN' LOVE, NOT WAR! WE'RE STILL AT WAR, RIGHT?

OHAI OBAMA!

# MISSBEHAVE



## Katy Perry ❤ Jeremy Scott

## 202 Of Our Friends Nepotism Rules!

## Nina Sky Conjoined Tunes

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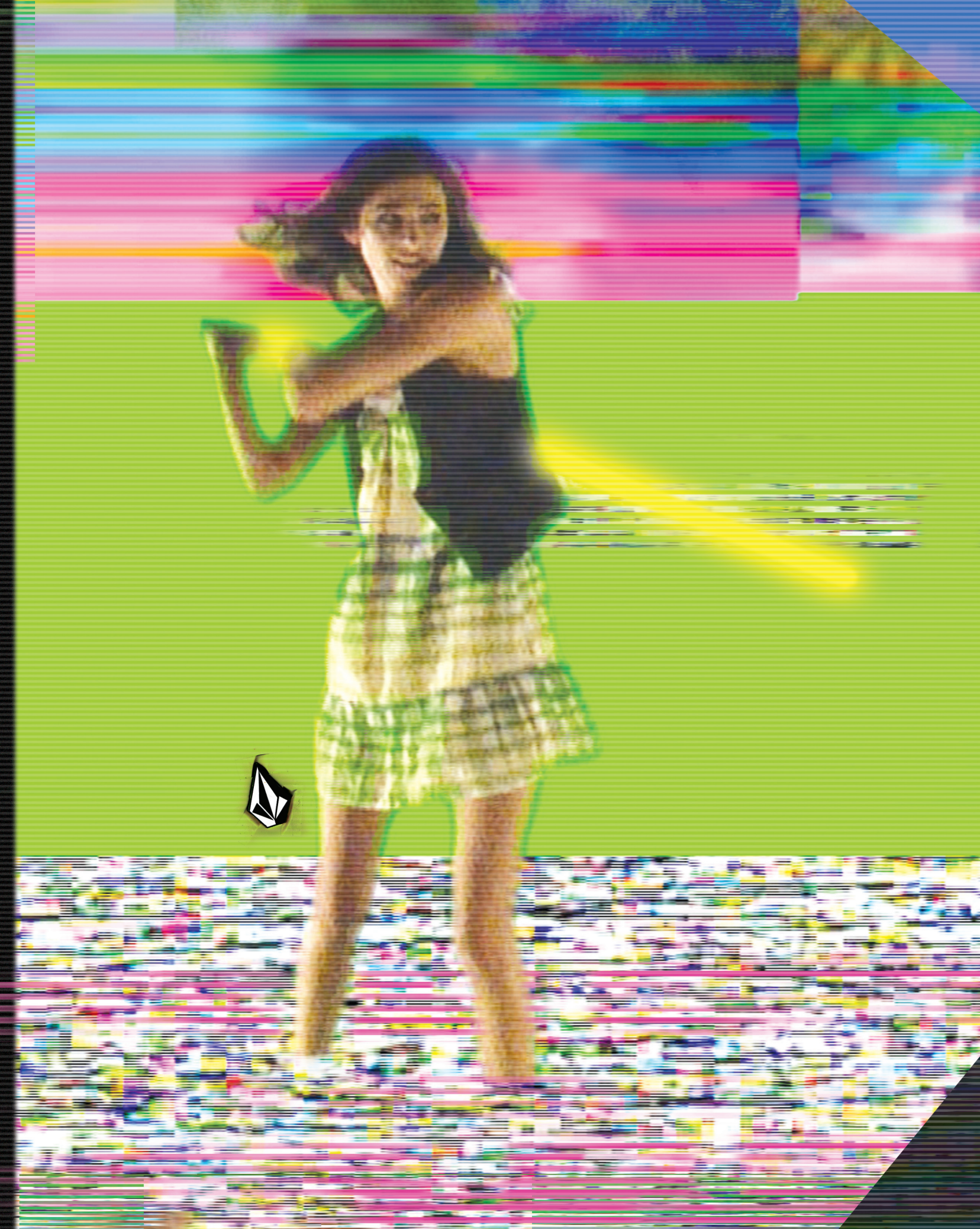


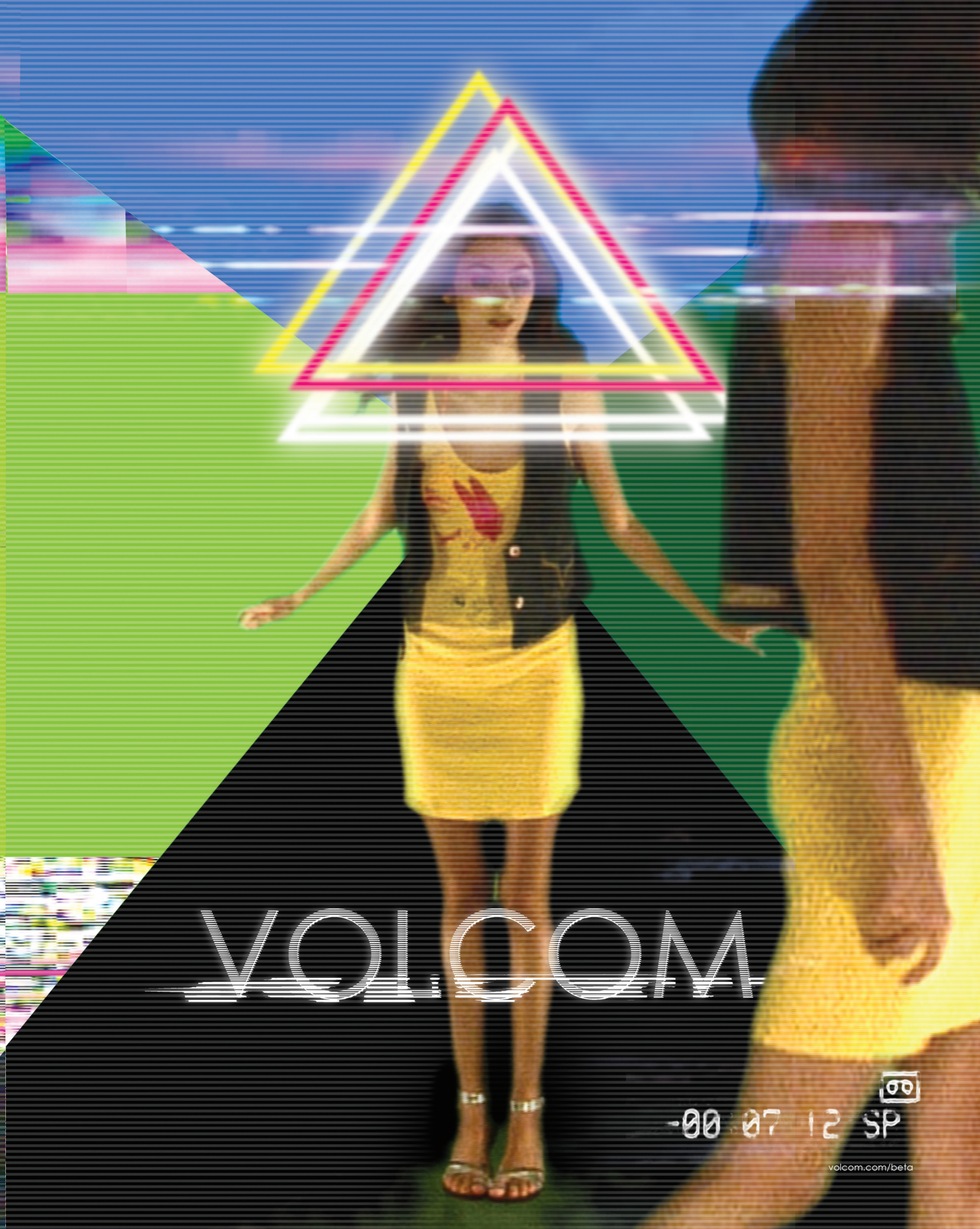

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Photo: **Miko Lim**, Kaftan: **Mara Hoffman**


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ON THE COVER:

## *KATY PERRY*

Photographed by Jeremy Scott on December 18, at Smashbox Studios in Los Angeles. Styling by Jeremy Scott, Makeup by Jake Bailey, Hair by Aaron Light. Dress by Jeremy Scott, Shoes by Giuseppe Zanotti. Floral Flights artwork courtesy of Jeremy Scott.




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White leather jacket by **Nolita**, Sequin shorts by **Manish Arora**, Satin pumps by **Mango**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Photo: **Brooke Nipar**

I always think it's funny when people claim to know "the right way." Maybe there's a "right way" to French braid someone's hair or drive stick-shift, but when it comes to most things, in general, there isn't just ONE right way. If everyone's a critic, then everyone is also a director, and I think we can all agree that's never a good thing. I've found that at *Missbehave* that we either have a lot of right ways, or a lot of different ways, to get shit done. And no, that isn't just a nice way of saying we're all out of our minds. Why would I sugarcoat something like that? Being out of your mind is awesome.

Regardless of the way that we do things around here, the shit does get done. Maybe if we found a more refined or formulaic way to do it, it would be a lot easier, but fuck it. We're not science teachers, we're tough-ass broads. We're not looking to cut corners, so who said anything about easy? We say, FUCK EASY. Leave us alone with your spreadable butter and your Cliffs Notes. As Lisa Carver would say, "We don't have to follow the rules. Not even the rule to not follow the rules." (I'm not even sure if that applies right now but it sure sounds good).

In each issue, little themes and obsessions get repeated, and issue #11 is no different. We were on a Jon Benet Ramsey kick for a minute, switched gears to daydreaming about our former web editor Sarah Morrison, and then moved on to the whole Jeremy Scott scene. He shot Katy Perry for our cover (when Katy saw "The *Missbehave* Bob" haircut on Brooke during the shoot, she demanded that her hair be immediately cut in the same style). Jonny Makeup (Jeremy and Katy's BFF) wrote a little something for us in ADHD, and, as it turns out, he's BFF with designer Peggy Noland, who's BFF with Jaimie Warren, and so the two of them collab'd on a delicious fashion story together (See "Normaltown" pg 80). Hmmm, what else? Gavin McInnes officially became our Editor-at-Large, which needed to happen; editor Maude pretended to be a virgin for a minute (insert laugh track); Olivia moved to LA; and Sally became our Employee of the Month. She works hard, guys. Every time you find yourself wanting to eat one of our pages like it's a piece of candy, you can thank Sally.

If the winter issue of *Missbehave* was run by a PTA mom, this spring issue was the result of what happens when the party mom takes over. Suddenly, gold hoops are dangling from my ears. My lips are painted red, my nails are claws, and high heels are worn EVERY SINGLE DAY. I swear! What's happening to me? Who am I? Should I join a cult? (I wish). What you see unfolding before you, in this issue, is the soft collision of worlds melding together. As the old evolves, the new melts into what was, just like spring itself (pause!). Everyday, it's fascinating to see how I'm weirdly acclimating to my surroundings. Last summer, I was all about running off my anxiety and going to the movies alone without any makeup on. Now, it's party-zone time! The streets are being hit! I consider it a part of my job. Times are tough, and *Missbehave* girls are troopers. We're fighting the war against being boring. When life hands us lemons, we write a style guide! Can't think of a fashion story? Get Nikki Farquharson to draw all over your model (see "Baby Girl" pg 72). Need to school little girls on what's punk? Call Liz Armstrong and she'll tell you stories about G.G. Allin and fake sleepovers. Fuck it, we'll all tell you stories. *Missbehave* will be your evil babysitter, that one that encourages you to smoke cigs and book plane tickets on your mom's credit card (sorry again, mom).

Dance All Night, Get Depressed, and Undress,

*Lesley Arfin*

P.S. That line was lifted from a Team Facelift song, (see pg. 40)



missbehave



## JEREMY SCOTT

Without the influence of Sir Jeremy Scott (we knighted him, so?) *Missbehave* would probably just be a bunch of blank pages with a few Married to the Mob ads sprinkled throughout. His artistry has infused our brains since day one, so naturally he had to shoot a cover for us—and being the tour de force that he is, we couldn't say no. Jeremy lives in the Hollywood Hills and is tight with Katy, so it all came together quite smoothly. He's a Leo, a vegetarian, and he loves McDonald's French fries. We knew he didn't have offspring, but we asked him anyway, and his answer was pretty good: "I've spawned a generation of children, but not from my loins." Aww, thanks for shouting us out Jeremy!



## MAUDE STANDISH

Maude is an illegitimate Daughter of The Revolution, and she makes up for this burdensome tryst through the constant consumption of cheese, marijuana, and cat hair. She lives in New York City (which is alright, if you like saxophones). In her unsavory past, she has written for *Time Out* and *Swindle* and for this issue of *Missbehave* she tried to convince God she is a virgin (which is a lie) and will probably go to hell (if a Daughter of the Revolution believed in that sort of thing).

## MIKO LIM

Is there like some unspoken commandment from God that dude photographers are always hot? We're not even that into Asian dudes, but we would totally jump Mikos bones if he wasn't wifed up. Anyways, for this issue, Miko shot the amazingly sexy "Wild Honey Pie" fashion story. His work has also graced the pages of Vogue, Blender and Spin. Miko also likes to jet set around the world and play with his Transformers by his lonesome, which puts him somewhere between big shot and nerd—just the way we like them.



## JAIMIE WARREN

For this issue of Missbehave, Jaimie shot the "Normaltown" fashion story; which the result is an insane interpretation of the song "The Deadbeat Club" by the B52's. Her and her friends got frenzied and deboucherous in the woods and you know what, Jaimie Warren? You can do whatever you want for *Missbehave*, forever and always. When she's not being a star photographer—her first museum solo show is coming up at Kemper and she's got a book with Tim Barber's Apature/Tiny Vices series (see Last Call pg 90)—she's also a part of Whoop Dee Doo, a "crazy traveling public access show," that just performed at Deitch Projects. Jaimie loves to unwind in a hot tub, and she's scared of balloons. She's got one tattoo: "Roseanne Barr on my butt cheek. She is my hero." And when she was a little girl, she wanted to be Michael Jackson.





## PEGGY NOLAND

When Peggy was a kid she wanted to be Mary Kate or Ashley. Things haven't changed much, except these days she keeps a bottle of Summer's Eve in her purse at all times (for emergencies) and searches eBay with the keywords "Francis Christian Roth" endlessly. For this issue, Peggy got bossed around by photographer Jaimie Warren, who is her roommate and, according to Peggy, "one mean lesbian" (shhh, don't tell Jamie's boyfriends). She's also the one person she would want to get in a fist-fight with. When she is not styling Ssion for *Missbehave* (see "Normaltown" on Pg. 80), Peggy spends her time teaching at The Kansas City Art Institute and running the shots at the Peggy Noland store in Kansas City. Oh, yeah, she is also super excited about opening store in Berlin this August too.



## LIZ ARMSTRONG

Liz is a former Chicago party girl, who lived in Vegas for 3 months, got weird, and then came to New York. Liz is a total punk rock chick who wrote a very personal story for us about *Rollerderby* zine. Since *Missbehave* is heavily influenced by Lisa Carver's magical punk rock zine, we wanted Liz, a former *Rollerderby* cover girl, to get open with us:"I needed to figure out where my heart fit into my vagina." She hates cartoons, is afraid of losing a limb, and has "One big [tattoo] and a whole bunch of little ones; most are really crappy and done by bikers when I was a teenager and were all supposed to be really "meaningful" at the time."

## BILL STROBECK

Bill Strobeck is a pain in the ass. He's also a really great photographer. Since 1998 he's worked in skateboarding (Alien Workshop) and, on occasion, shoots photo stories for *TheSkateboardMag*. Bill wanted to shoot his friend and muse, Jen "JR" Reynolds, and we're nuts for her, so it was a match made in the slums of heaven. Bill is a Pisces who's "seriously" looking for a Scorpio. He doesn't have any tattoos, but he's not against them either: "I change my mind so much that I can't get one. I dig women with tats sometimes, but I just can't imagine getting a chick pregnant and she has tats on her belly and its like a dragon or something and it stretches and gets all fat." Bill doesn't want kids, is not into reading, and if the world were ending, he would "try heroin or walk naked in a house of mirrors just to find peace and comfort with myself."



## YASI SALEK

Yasi Salek lives at the intersection of ennui and joy. She enjoys Oscar Wilde, bunnies, French fries, Pavement, and masks. Her parents want her to grow up and get married. In the meantime, she has a cat (his name is Camus and he also enjoys French fries). She's been writing a column for *Missbehave* since day one ("Yasi Tries", see page 90), and at least three people have said they liked it. For this issue she also wrote the feature story on the fabulous Katy Perry. Yasi has written for *Complex, Vapors, 944, Nylon Men, and Harper's Bazaar Russia*. She also doles out bad advice via "Ask Yasi" on the TheHundreds.com




HELLZ BELLZ
A CRIME FOR
ALL SEASONS
HELLZ
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STREETWEAR ONLINE
karma Loop .com
S'09SHOOT
WILD CHILD
GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN!


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23 Reasons We Can't Sit Still!

# a.d.h.d.




## 1, 2, Cha Cha Cha

God bless whoever's answering the questions at ChaCha, the weird phone number you can text questions to and receive answers from in a matter of minutes. Is it bored housewives? Texan 12 year-olds? My friends and I have bombarded ChaCha with questions ranging from serious (My boyfriend won't say I love you, what do I do?) to obscure (What was the name of the London play starring Colin Hanks and Kieran Culkin?) to drunkenly silly (How do I make my girlfriend come?). And they never fail; their answers were as follows: "Tell him it's important to you," "*This Is Our Youth*," "Put one or two fingers in her vagina and lick her clitoris, respectively." Kinda makes you wonder if the Wizard of Oz is behind all of this. Text questions to 242242. —*Meg Prossnitz*

## Cool Book Alert!

What's that a picture of? Is that a clit? Oh wait, it's balls. And that person giving head; is that a guy? The images in L.A. photographer Tofer Chins' latest book, *Vacation Standards*, elicit these kinds of questions. You might notice that a girl flashing the camera sports braces on her teeth; a subject modeling his dual-channel coke straw lies opposite graffiti of "take walks" scrawled in red cursive but you still feel like a dropout detective grappeling for clues. And those rolled up red things that look like wrestling mats... could someone please identify those for me? Check it out at rojo-magazine.com —*Meg Prossnitz*







House of Jackie Brown photo: **Marley Kate**, Model: **Nina** @ Wilhelmina

## THE HOUSE THAT JACKIE BUILT

Miami basically rules. It's warm and sunny and people are beautiful and cheesy in a good way and *Missbehave* EICs get photographed in their bikinis by the paparazzi. This is why House of Jackie Brown's debut swimwear collection "Caliente" was inspired by this awesomely flashy city. House of Jackie Brown bikinis are strictly for girls (like us) that like to flaunt it. Founded by Jackie York and Emily Brown, these native New Yorkers' line features magnificent quirky details such as curly string ruffles, and kiwi scented bikini bottoms. Cop it, wear it, live it, at houseofjackiebrown.com —*Emilia Perez*

## GUILTY TREASURE

I know what you're thinking: *Date Movie, Epic Movie, Meet the Spartans*—these are not good movies. Well if you're looking for the next *Airplane*, you're right. But if you are looking for a movie so random that its plot will make you feel like you're really fucking high, these are YOUR movies. These movies don't earn money based on how good they are, but rather on how many pop culture references they can make. This translates into no one giving a shit about a plot, so the final product ends up feeling like watching a years worth of *Entertainment Tonight* while taking some liquid acid. YES PLEASE! The more you fight loving these movies, the more pain you are gonna get in your brain-face! Consider just riding with them instead. Go with the ebb and flow. This is especially good for people who don't smoke weed anymore. —*Sam Brown*







## Last Night's Portrait

Imagine if The Cobrasnake and Bronques and every other nightlife blogger put down their digital cameras for an evening and painted the hedonistic scenesters instead. Matt Bollinger's art is what that would look like. Matt scripts and shoots video as the source material for his paintings. Then he crops an image out of that footage, and translates the scene to oil, watercolor, and graphite. The result is a voyeuristic view into these over-the-top, sexually charged parties/people. But it still feels like something you might take your mom to see at the MOMA. Truly amazing. Check it out at mattbollinger.blogspot.com —*Emilia Perez*

## Red Tights, Duh!



There's nothing like fire-engine-red tights. I used to rock them at age six—decked out in my kick-ass sailor dress and Princess Leia braids. Back then, they were cute, a sign that you were a bit of a wild child—a Punky Brewster in the flesh, or a Pippi Longstocking without the German-Expressionist-hair. Now, they're an accessory only fit to be worn by the most brazen of city girls: ladies who don't mind strolling down the pavement while silently proclaiming, "These are my legs, and they refuse to be beige." Screw the Silken Mist. Get ready for red. —*Brenna Ehrlich*



# FRIENDS ARE FOREVERRRR

Jonny Makeup is a tour de force. He used to be in that band VIP Party Boys, and he's probably famous on MySpace or something. He's BFF with our cover girl, and our cover photographer, and he lives with Dov Charney, who has the same dog sculpture that Joey had on *Friends*. Speaking of friends, here's a list of Jonny Makeup's most favorite ones.

**JEREMY SCOTT:** He's not just my favorite fashion designer, but also my Hollywood BFF! When we're together, it's straight up gossip and giggles!

**KATY PERRY:** Before she became famous I told her I wanted to be a star too. She said, "Never give up on your dreams," and the following week, she was #1 on the charts! She sends me inspirational texts like: "You are too special of a girl for the world not to know who you are."

**PEGGY NOLAND:** My second favorite designer and Kansas City BFF. We once had the most Koo-Koo Cray-Cray 120 hours ever, but I'll save that for another article.

**DALLAS AUSTIN & CORY NITTA:** I know it's not kosher to put two people in one entry, but these kids are my new production team! I think I'm more starstruck by the fact that he is Chili's (from TLC) baby-daddy than by his Grammy Awards!

**MY DADDY, DOV:** He's the Schmata King, the brains and brawn behind American Apparel. My love for him grew a million times more when I saw myself walking in the shoes of former First Daughter, Barbara Bush (although I'm more Westwood pirate boots and she's more Jimmy Choo mules). We were partying in Paris during Fashion Week, and I was about to "Rebel Girl" her, Kathleen Hanna-style, because her daddy messed up the government. Then I thought, "OMG, she sees George W. Bush in a different way than the rest of the world does!" Just like how I know that my daddy Dov isn't just some shrewd, horny businessman, but also an awesome dude who loves immigrants. So don't judge a girl by her daddy!

## *A FEW GIRLS, A FEW CUPS: ELECTRIC RED!*

You know those nights where you break into a club, get wasted, dance in a bathroom stall, and finish it all off with a side of Buffalo wings? Then Electrik Red has the perfect blackout song for you. In their new video, "Drink in My Cup," Def Jam's newest all-girl R&B act pays tribute to the classic bender—the video for the debut opens with the girls, eyes black-barred, busting through a metal gate as a Santogold-esque back beat winds up, mingling with their insistent chant: "I got that drink in my cup." Electrik Red even pays tribute to the finer parts of nights on the town—endless hours in the bathroom draining the drink outta your bladder—with a sexy pee dance. I may not want to lay down in the gutter nightly but 48 hours after first listening to Electrik Red's alcoholic anthem, I'm still stating the obvious while sipping on my gin and juice. —*Brenna Ehrlich*



Red tights photo: **WeLoveColors**, Johnny Makeup photo: **Debbie Atard**

## SMELL U LATER



Did you ever have that BFF in middle school who you loved, but sometimes couldn't sit next to because she drenched herself in Sunflowers or Vanilla Body Spray from The Body Shop? Were you that BFF? If you were, it's okay, we still like you. But it's time for a change. Luckily there are lots of perfumes out there that don't smell like someone's low self-esteem (or scented pantiliners). The new 'Six Scents' collection, a seven-person-collab curated by Joseph Quartane of Seven New York, is the gift your nose has been waiting for. Notable perfumers, and designers like Gareth Pugh, Preen, Jeremy Scott, and COSMIC WONDER Light Source, are all involved. Preen's 'Teen Spirit,' might remind you of your first deodorant, but in a nostalgic, sweet, "When will I get a boyfriend?" way. We love COSMIC WONDER's 'The Spirit of Wood,' which smells like men and cedar closets and awesome. Sniff a lot at six-scents.com—*Christine Whitney*




## Teenagers From Mars They Don't Care!

Ivan and Ada are the names of two teenaged siblings from Brooklyn that have been proclaimed, by the British, as to be "the future of rock and roll." I personally always believe everything that the British tell me, mostly because I'm a sucker for their accent. David Bowie (whose accent does it for me every time) declared their first single as to be "Genius." Their debut album, *Bang Bang Boom Cake*, was recorded in New York under the production of the legendary Russell Simons of The Blues Explosion. The album is totally full of celebrity cameos and collaborations — Kimya Dawson (Moldy Peaches), Gibby Haynes (the Butthole Surfers) and Karen O and Nick Zinner ( The Yeah Yeah Yeahs) to name a few. Other than the extensive name-dropping and brilliant resumes, these kids (literally, they are 13 and 11, respectively) actually rock. They sound like a punk pastiche from the future that's outrageous and fun and keeps you dancing all night. No ID necessary. myspace.com/tinymasters.—*Emilia Perez*

## ART FAG?





Jason Mecier isn't new and we didn't just discover him, but we're all obsessed with him. And since I'm now an editor, I get the chance to talk about stuff I love. Dear Jason Mecier, I love YOU. Are you gay? I think so. Can I be your fag-hag? I'll help you look for household objects for your art. I know you've already done Tammy Faye Bakker made out of Press On Nails (brills), Timmy from *Days Of Our Lives* made out of little dolls (creepy), and JonBenet Ramsey made out of baby shoes (!!!). There's also one of Linda Blair from the Exorcist and it's all green and it's like "Ok, we'll just use a box of Apple Jacks as her forehead obviously." And it IS obvious. It's obvious that it RULES! Have you done Jerri Blank from *Strangers With Candy*? I feel like she's right up your alley. What about Sarah Silverman? I WILL HELP YOU JASON! So anyway, let's hang out. Or be pen pals. Or I'll send you a picture of me and commission you to make it out of… old issues of *Missbehave*? Cell phones and cigarettes? Perfect. Thanks, buddy. Yours 'til Niagara Falls. jasonmecier.com —*Lesley Arfin*




## BACONNAISE

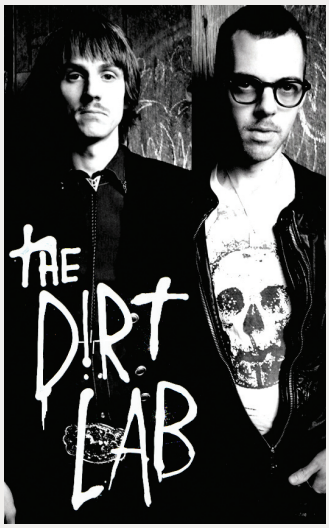
A greedy food monster can't worry about paltry issues like health and diet. Just last night, I fried pancetta and poured the fat on popcorn and crumbled the crispy bits over it... on the side I drank melted ice cream. It was numb-tastic. So how excited am I that bacon now comes in semi-liquid form? Get ready for Baconnaise! Bacon-flavored mayonnaise. It's smokey, fatty, goodness. I dip French fries in it, or suck it up with a straw, but it also makes a mean BLT, or an extra evil deviled egg! Get porky at baconsalt.com. —*Olivia Allin*

## ALL THIS JAZZ

I haven't rocked anything remotely resembling a unitard since my synchronized swimming days in high school, but Imba's pleated black lace jumpsuit makes me rethink that vow, as well as the whole harem pant thing. My problem is that most bodysuits make me feel like a cougar or a spandex-sausage. But then I discovered Imba. The halter neck ivory lace one-piece looks so 70's-Studio-54-Bianca-Jagger that it makes me sweat, drool, and dream of my future silk stockings. Discard your vows at stylingbyimba.com.
—*Meg Prossnitz*



Imba photo: **Samantha West**, Model: **Lisa Marie** @ Muse




# LOWDOWN & DIRTY

Sometimes I eat McDonald's cheeseburgers for a week straight or listen to the same song on repeat until I internalize every lyric. Currently, my obsessive tendencies have all been focused on a bunch of remixes by the D!rtlab; so I stalked the guys behind the beats. Turns out that the dancey club-bangers are made by DJ/producer/Prince-aficionado Spencer Product and his friend Jake Sinclair, whom he met by mistake on MySpace. Spencer and Jake evolved from Top 8 buddies to major bros to musical collaborators, turning out tracks like the Pop Levi's "Dita Dimone," which has been on repeat in my bedroom for like three days straight. Now they're moving beyond remixes and producing original material, which Spencer describes as "live instrumentation with dance-floor, electronic elements." Their single, "We Bite," (with Designer Drugs remix) just dropped on Cocomachete, and will be followed by a full-length this summer. Get obsessive at myspace.com/thedirtlab—*Christine Whitney*



# DRUNK IN LA

Recently, *Missbehave* packed up our luggage and headed to LA to help QIO celebrate their first birthday. 55DSL totally invited us. When we got to LA, Andrea Rosso took us for tacos and margaritas. Oh yea, he's the founder of 55DSL, Italian, cute, and charming... can you say most eligible bachelor? When we got to QIO, it was like Shibuya, Tokyo had plopped down on Pico Boulevard: Cute! They went ahead and let us decorate their Gallery with life-sized portraits, a little *Missbehave*/55DSL collab, if you will. We got our nails done, and drank yummy drinks courtesy of TY KU and Red Bull. Our very own DJ Radio Rose got up on the decks, and it was like that scene from *House Party 2*, only it was in a store and there were more Japanese people. Thanks for the memories; we'll be back next year! —*Samantha Moeller*

Pizza photo: **LastNightsParty.com**, Metal shirt & shoe stretch photos: **Marley Kate**

# SHOE STRETCH

I'm single now, which means I will do whatever it takes to look as hot as necessary, all the time, every day, forever and ever. But first things first: high heels. I've always been a sneaker or boots kind of girl. Heels hurt, and my black bootleg Reeboks look like jazz shoes, so I've always just rocked them as if they were heels. Shocker to the system: they ain't. Now, I wear heels. Expensive ones. What? I'm a snob? Okay. I can live with that. Heels hurt more when they're cheap. Sometimes heels hurt when they're pricey too, but I'm about to let you in on something called SHOE STRETCH. It costs $5, and you can get it from your local cobbler. It works on both suede and leather, and it helps your shoes get a worn-in feeling in about… 20 minutes. I find it works better on suede and on softer leathers. Slather that shit on whatever pair you want. Also, take two Advil for extra sore-factor protection. Band-aids are for lames. —*Lesley Arfin*






# FAKE DEATH METAL SHIRTS

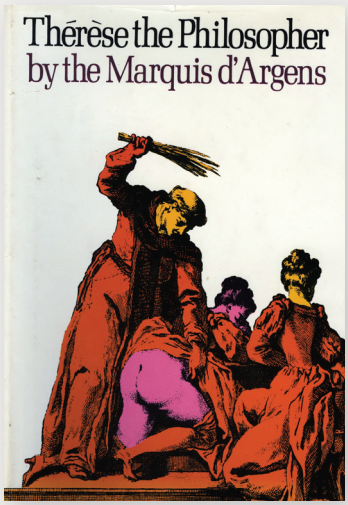
Made by a company named Skuls, which means, "That's it, we're even," these shirts are meant to be a retaliation against the urban myth that tattooists were purposely giving people Chinese characters that secretly said shit like "Foreigner" and "I'm ignorant." These shirts say "Office" and "Arms" in Norwegian, and are marketed towards Asians out of revenge. STOOPS!

This whole thing is beyond retardoid because: 1. That fake Chinese tattoo thing is B.S., 2. How do you market Norwegian shirts to China? 3. Why do you want to get revenge on a continent as big as Asia? Do you know how many people live there? 4. These shirts are way too big for your average oriental, and 5. "Office" and "Arms" are cool words and nothing to be embarrassed about. —*Gavin McInnes*



# TV DINNER

Let's face it, when Aunt Flow is in town, there's nothing better than being a big fat pile in elastic-around-the-ankle sweats and watching guilty pleasure TV. The only part that sucks is rifling through take out menus and having to decide between Mexican (barf) or Thai (snooze). Well apparently, TiVo read my mind and made it so that you can now order Domino's directly from your TV. I guess a widget pops up that asks you if you'd like pizza, to which you obviously reply yes, and the rest is magic. Luckily, it'll save me the trouble of having to order pizza toppings between spoonfuls of Chunky Monkey. It's cold in New York. What else did you think we were doing?—*Alex Andrade*




# PORN PLEASE

I'm a Catholic girl who happens to think it's a good idea to parade your bawdy interests on public transit systems. That's why I read books with indecent cover art on the train whenever I can, like *Therese the Philosopher*, by the Marquis d'Argens (peep the cover!). Originally published in France in 1748, it's written as Therese's letter to her older lover about her life as a young girl torn between sex and God. She ultimately lands herself in a convent under the spiritual direction of a man who's as guilty for doing "it" as she is. He manages to wheedle her best friend into getting closer to God by indulging in the act of taking "Saint Francis's cord" into her "canonical gate" from behind (on account of the fact that she's on her knees). Eventually, Therese figures out that denying yourself the big O is bullshit and she manages to escape. She then gets wife'd up, and concludes that it's fine to get buck wild in the sheets, as long as you don't get buck wild in the streets. Or something like that. Find yourself a copy, throw on your alma mater's plaid skirt (it's definitely too small now, which means it's perfect), and get down with some good old Catholic scandal!—*Christine Mayrina*

# GRIZZLY MAN



I. Love. Bear. He's the star of a show called *Man Vs. Wild*. Every episode, Bear gets dumped off into some God forsaken territory with nothing but the clothes on his back and maybe a few little survival tchotchkes in his "rucksack." He's hot, and he reminds me of Michael Showalter. Anyway, Bear shows viewers how to survive if you were caught out in places like the Sahara or the Scotch Planes. He inevitably has to eat gross stuff to stay alive. This is for ratings, but it also makes me think he has perpetual stank breath, which I hate. I just don't believe you could get the taste of rotting yak balls off your tongue for at least 6 months, right? Bear gets naked sometimes too, which is courageous, especially when he is showing us how to cross an icy river in Siberia. The getting naked part is supposedly to show us how to ward off hypothermia in the sub-zero temperatures, but really I think it's for hot and bothered female viewers like myself. I also really like it when he does find some food source and tells us that, "These beetle larvae reallllly have a lot of Veeee-ti-mins." His accent is so cute! I heard Bear recently got hurt on an expedition, and I wanted to personally wish him a speedy recovery. Hot mountain men are few and far between, so hang in there baby boo! If you're anything like me, you'll stalk Bear too. beargrylls.com—*Samantha Moeller*

## REALLY? A $10,000 HOODIE?



The appropriately named Toolbox LA Showroom recently introduced KONQUEST'S $10,000 hoodie designed by recording artist Colby O'Donis (no one knows who that is, but apparently his brain is made of gold). They wanted to know if we'd like to write about it. Oh, I really do. Five things I'd rather do than buy this hoodie: 1) Wax my bikini line on ecstasy. 2) Eat a live cat, starting with the tail. 3) Make out with a leper colony. 4) Stay sober for a week. 5) Shave off my nips with a cheese grater. —*Olivia Allin*

# REGRESSION SESSION

With the economy royally sucking these days, moving into your parent's damp basement is looking better and better. Sure, you have to hear your little brother's kleats thudding around the washing-machine after each soccer game, your boyfriend has to climb out through a heating grate because you're still daddy's little girl, the wood-paneled walls don't muffle the sounds of your Hitachi Magic Wand for shit, and you have to share your room with your mom's new burgeoning collection of porcelain dolls. Whatevers! Your rent is free, mommy cooks the best lasagna, and cable is a great distraction from the fact that you can see your life rapidly spinning down the drain. Bankers get bailed out by the Feds, you get bailed out by your parents. Abandonment issue solved!—*Maude Standish*



## GAVIN ALWAYS FINDS WEIRD STUFF. NOW HE FINDS IT FOR US.

**NADS HEAD LICE TREATMENT** It feels weird to tea bag kids but sometimes your nads are the only thing that will get rid of their lice. **HUNG WANG NOODLES** Sorry Canadian China, having a dick that is so long it looks like a very thin noodle does not count as a hung wang. You need mad thickness too. **S&M BRIEFS** In Bangladesh they can't afford edible panties or leather underwear so they simply SAY whitey tighties are S&M and then concentrate really fucking hard to make it so. **KUM HAND LOTION** Way to stop beating around the bush and get right down to beating the meat. Shit.—*Gavin McInnes*












# Starlight Express

## your hands can be in xanadu

Photo: **Carlin Mayer** Nails: **Michina Koide**



*Missbehave* recommends these shimmery colors: Icing on the Cake, Don't Call Me Baby, Diamonds & Pearls, and Puple Rain by **Lippmann Collection**

Nails: **Michina Koide** @ Art Department for M.A.C., Makeup: **Nicole Su-Mi**, Nail Assistant: & Model **Maki Sakamoto**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.




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Jungle green eye pencil by **RIMMEL**

Gorilla shirt by **THE MOUNTAIN**

*Lost* DVDs from **AMAZON**

Butterfly bag by **HARRIET'S ALTER EGO**

MonKEYs by **FRED & FRIENDS**

# jungle love

## sharpen your claws

Photo: **Brooke Nipar** Style: **Sally Thurer**

Zipper leotard by **Worship Worthy**
Boots by **Steven by Steve Madden**

Serpent ring by **ISIS**

Macaw earrings by **RACHEL GILMAN**

Tropical bikini by **FLAMINGO SANDS**

Dress by **DERÉON**

Platform sandal by **DIOR**

Açaí berry sorbet by **SAMBAZON**

Makeup: **Deanna Meluso** @ Factory Downtown, Hair: **Staci Child** for Cutler/Redken @ Factory Downtown, Model: **Kim Matulova**. Eyepencil photo: **Drugstore.com** Bag, bikini, dress and jewelry photos: **Eduardo Juarez**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.






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*Karen*
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Forceful Number 9 hairspray by **Redken**, custom hairpiece by **A-Morir**, vintage earrings by **Givenchy**, dress by **Disaya**

# you tease!

## spray it don't say it

Photo: **Nicholas Routzen** Editor: **Betsey McClain**






Above: Hairstylist, Staci Child, schools us hair-wise. Left to right: No9 structuring mist by **Davines**, Voluptuous Volume hairspray by **Göt2b**, Shape Maker shaping spray by **Vavoom Matrix**, Luxurious Voume hairspray by **John Frieda Collection**.

Makeup: **Deanna Meluso** @ Factory Downtown, Hair: **Staci Child** for Cutler/Redken @ Factory Downtown, Style: **Sally Thurer**, Model: **Courtney** @ Q Model Management

**See Buy It Now for details on page 96.**

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# flashing lights

## be a glow-in-the-dark star

Photo: **Eduardo Juarez** Style: **Rose Garcia**




Prop Styling: **Marci Leiseth**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

# HAVE YOU HEARD?

































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# Slippery When Wet

## plastic makes perfect

Photos: **Marley Kate** Style: **Rose Garcia**



Bar ring by **Cubannie Links**



Necklace by **Alex & Chloe**



Trench by **Suwha**



Bustier by **The Blondes**
Bangles by **Deréon**

Makeup: **Jillian Villafane**, Hair: **Billy Keith Lawhon**, Set Design: **Megan Pflug**, Model: **Lisa Marie** @ Muse



Plastic pumps by **Vivienne Westwood X Melissa**





Earrings by **Harriet's Alter Ego**



Belt by **55DSL**



Gun ring by **Steven Shein**



Dinnerwear by **Fred & Friends**



Spectrum by **Osiris**



Pendant by **Steven Shein**



Clear bag by **Miss Sixty**

Jewelry, Belt, Bag & Trench photos: **Eduardo Juarez**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.




KID SISTER REPS MARRIED TO THE MOB

Swimsuit by **American Apparel**
Watches by **Casio Baby-G**



# Go Hard or Go Home!

## put on your game face

Photo: **Nicholas Routzen** Editor: **Sally Thurer**



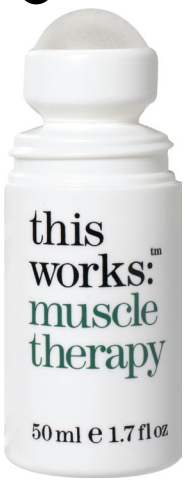

Energizing jelly beans by **JELLY BELLY SPORTS BEANS**




Endurance lip balm by **K2 SKINCARE**

Activity proof hair gel by **L.A. LOOKS**




Muscle rub by **THIS WORKS**

Sport tampons by **PLAYTEX**




Marathon Mascara by **COVER GIRL**




Makeup: **Deanna Meluso** @ Factory Downtown, Hair: **Staci Child** for Cutler/Redken @ Factory Downtown, Model: **Janelle** @ Q Model Management

**See Buy It Now for details on page 96.**

# To think Indian is to cure diabetes with sacred foods and hoops.

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thinkindian.org

SEKOYA BIGHORN, 23 years old
Physical Education major
United Tribes Technical College, ND
Tribal health activist and point guard for the Thunderbirds.

# Then Again, Maybe I Won't...

## stay young forever

Photos: **Marley Kate** Style: **Rose Garcia**



Shirt by **DC SHOES**



Petticoat by **LORICK**




Ostrich shoe by **MISS TINA**



Heart bracelet by **DERÉON**



Locket by **DERÉON**



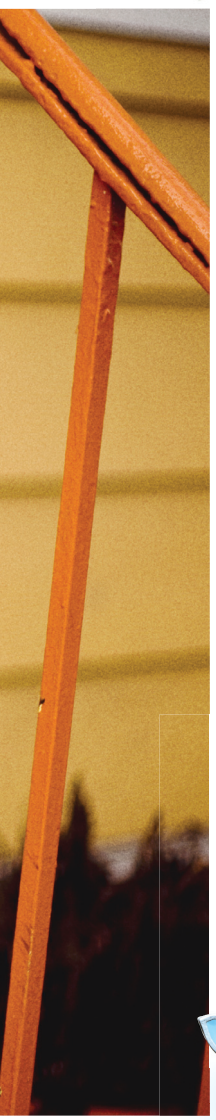
Jumpsuit by **Judi Rosen**

Makeup: **Jillian Villafane** for Benefit Cosmetics, Hair: **Billy Keith**, Model: **Quinn** @ Whilhelmina



Sunglasses by **DERÉON**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.





Swimsuit by **LOVER**



Bracelet by **DERÉON**



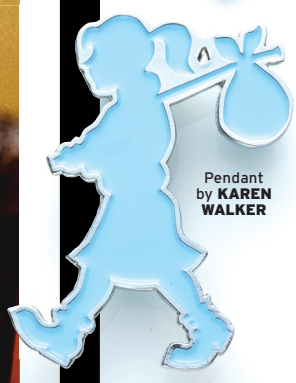
Dress by **House of Holland**



Cork wedge by **80%20**



Sailor shirt by **DISAYA**



Pendant by **KAREN WALKER**



Shirt by **AKADEMIKS**



Lady Miss cardigan by **MARRIED TO THE MOB**





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# star search



Styling: **Richard Aybar**

# Eleonore Hendricks

## The Pleasure of Being Awesome

I don't know about you, but I have a soft spot for misguided youths. So when I met up with the young actress Eleonore Hendricks at a cozy, Jewish diner in the East Village, I thought whoa, this chick looks like an awesome '70's teenage runaway! I'm smitten! And she was totally down to earth, and, more importantly, totally up for a shared order of cheese blintzes. Eleonore's acting career oficially began in 1998, when she appeared in a student film, but you probably just know her as the tough girl who got down with Channing Tatum in *A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints*. And ever since she fake-fucked Channing in the stairwell, her career has been on a steady upswing. In last year's *The Pleasure of Being Robbed*, Eleonore's first lead role, she played a young voyeur who steals the belongings of others in order to get a deeper look into their lives. She was given some French award for Best Performance for that role, and during the making of the film, sparks sparkled between Eleonore and director Josh Safdie. Now an "item," the two are currently working on a new film, *Go Get Some Rosemary*.

"I think there's this idea that I'm much cooler than I actually am," Eleonore says with a laugh. This reputation is likely due to portraying badasses in most of her roles, but she's actually a pretty stable girl, complete with a wholesome life, pet chickens in her back yard, and a private school rearing. "I was a decent kid. At age thirteen my girlfriends and I would go to the park and hang. We'd meet up with guys and get 40s and sit on the stoop, shoot the shit and drink." It's basically the same thing she does now, except she's swapped the Colt 45 for cups of coffee.

Eleonore has been holding it down in the same NYC neighborhood all her life (she lives around the corner from the apartment she grew up in), yet she's got this wandering spirit that has managed to land her roles of a much darker ilk—running the gamut from crackwhore to meth addict to quirky kleptomaniac. "I think that the roles choose me somehow. I'm never the lover, never the seducer. As I grow and get older, I'm sure I'll have different sorts of personalities that will become defined from within."When she's not acting, Eleonore keeps things pretty low key: "I'd love to be doing Algebra. My schedule is so hectic; I wish I had constructive time to work on something else." Let's hope for everyone's sake that she never trades acting in for math problems, even though we like our girls extra dorky. ★ WORDS: **CHRISTINE MAYRINA** PHOTO: **JIMMY FONTAINE**

# Lissy Trullie Letting the Right One In



You know how your parents tell you things will get better when you're older and you don't believe them until suddenly you drop an album and you're opening for the Virgins and Debbie Harry is walking in on your sound check? Well, that's pretty much how things have worked out for Lissy Trullie. In school, the big kids in band class snagged all the cool instruments, so Lissy got stuck with the xylophone. Making matters worse, her New-Kids-on-the-Block loving friends WTF'd her every time she brought up the Yardbirds. Times were tough. Now her band is being likened to Nico and even the Stones, comparisons Lissy finds flattering, but weird. Her vocals are more upbeat than Nico's (and, um, a few octaves higher), and her sound transitions from folksy (on tracks like "You Bleed You") to frantic (on a cover of Hot Chip's "Ready for the Floor"). Her music reminds us of that vampire movie *Let The Right One In*: fun, nostalgic, and dark. Lissy, however, explains her band like this: "Boy. Girl. Hat. Boy. Girl. No hat. That's our sound."

The "hats" are Lissy, who rarely appears sans Chanel headgear (though she wants people to know she's "not bald under there"), and guitar player Eben D'Amico. The "no hats" are bass player Harley Viera-Newton and drummer Josh Elrod. The kids got together just a year ago, and they're already a pretty big deal, playing with Mark Ronson at the NYC club Santos, and scoring a spot at South by Southwest. "It's still sort of bizarre for us," she says, "to play a show and realize we don't recognize anyone in the front row, and that everyone up there is singing along." When asked how she came up with the moniker "Lissy Trullie" (her real name is Lizzy McChesney), she says, in her typical dead-pan style, "You know how you come up with your stripper name? That's how." It takes some gentle coaxing to get the real story: "When I was little, I used to have a crush on a boy who was Swedish. I told him my parents were [Swedish], and that my real name was Lissy, but since we lived in the states they changed it to 'Lizzy'. His last name was Trullie." You heard it here first. Hear more at myspace.com/lissytrullie. ★

WORDS: **CHRISTINE WHITNEY** PHOTO: **CHRIS SHONTING**




# Alex DaCorte Forever & Ever








When the New Haven based artist Alex Da Corte was a young boy, he would expertly tear the ads out of his father's muscle-building magazines, ripping them so close to the edge that his dad wouldn't even notice they were gone. He would then cut out parts of the pink flesh—a bulging neck here, a gripping finger there—and collage the pieces of two-dimensional muscle into his fantasy men, which he would hide pressed between the pages of his Disney books.

These days, Alex no longer hides the things he makes. His art graces the likes of *Swindle* and *Anthem,* and he's shown at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia, the Fleisher/Ollman Gallery, and the Stonefox Artspace in New York. Currently, Alex is enrolled in the Yale MFA Sculpture program. Perhaps he no longer hides his work because snakes made out of acrylic neon nails are too bulky to fit in children's books. Or maybe it's because these days he takes photos of his dream men with their mouths jammed-full of strawberries, or their pouting faces smeared with glitter, and obviously we WANT to see these photos. Actually, my dream would be to wallpaper my bedroom with them and tack up the party streamers he made that cryptically say "FOREVER AND EVER" and never leave (not even to pee). Alex, who was born in Jersey, but grew up in Venezuela and Pittsburgh, learned to draw from his mother. "I made a lot of posters with pictures of pumpkins and Santa Claus and Mickey Mouse and vampires holding hands on the tops of mountains looking at the sky," he says. And though he is now older, taller, and no longer living in a red buffalo plaid wallpapered attic with his brother, a lot of those early motifs still play a big role in his art. Durring a recent visit to his studio, I saw several Jack O'Lantern sculptures, and he told me he was working on a vampire piece, complete with bats swirling around (our kind of man!).

"Death and youth influence me quite a bit," Alex says. He is totally obsessed with youth culture because, when he was in his early 20s, his intestines exploded and he was stuck staring at hospital walls for the next three years, missing out on the early-20's party. A recent piece of his is a plaster and plastic sculpture of two life size lanky dudes wearing World Trade Center costumes. In the hands of these dancing dudes are blue plastic cups spilling red liquid (the drunk punch of death, but not in a goth black-lipstick way) all over the floor. This mix of tragedy and youthful celebration is typical of Alex's work. "I have experienced real horror, but the way I play that out is with humor and plastic," says Alex. Melt your plastic heart at alexdacorte.com. ★ WORDS: **MAUDE STANDISH**

Alex DaCorte images courtesy of the artist.

# Team Facelift Remixed Emotions

SPOILER ALERT: Everything in the article you are about to read may or may not be true. In fact, most of it won't be true. Well, like 50% will be true. Maybe? Team Facelift consists of three white boys from NYC's Upper East and West sides, and they're into telling lies. They're also rappers: Machine, Fonda, and Fat Jew (although they have, like, 30 other names). Team Facelift also showed up 45 minutes late for our interview. Not having much experience with rappers, I was pissed. It was negative a million degrees outside, and I was late for a booty call. Needless to say, I didn't want to like them.

I was about to call it quits, when the trio appeared from around the corner walking in slow motion like movie stars. Before I could say anything, Fat Jew was like, "ARFIN. DANCE OFF. NOW." And I was like, "DONE." I busted out my secret moves and they were floored. After that we all agreed on being best friends forever and decided to move into a house together upstate. Or something like that.

Team Facelift's music isn't like most rap. It's like booty house rap, or beer bellied/unprotected sex rap. It's kind of art rap, but no one would ever call it that. It's definitely not socially conscious wigger backpack rap. It's grimy and off-putting. Maybe weirdo rap, but it's not that weird. It's funny, but not that funny. It's cocaine and booze infused rap with a side order of getting kicked out of private school. Their shows are like Spring Break '99. If you walk into the venue with a wool coat and earmuffs you'll find yourself leaving with a wet t-shirt and some dude doing body shots off your neck. Fat Jew wears an acid washed denim "molester" coat and a gold chain that swoops around while he dances like a retard. Machine looks like a thugged out Michael J. Fox circa *Teen Wolf* (but with less facial hair), and Fonda's gingery locks beg you to find out if the carpet matches the drapes. They say they met in Filene's Basement. They probably didn't. They say they all went to college. That's proba-



bly true. They're all really smart—smarter than they look. They're also nice. Nicer than they act. They have songs with funny titles like "Mom? Dad? I'm Bi," and their biggest fans are "an army of delicate Asian boys with wispy toe hair." Their most recent albums, *Mixed Emotions* and *Mixtape Volume 1*, can be found wherever people find music these days, and a new album is set to drop this spring. They're on the label Duck Down, which also hosts a slurry of other rap acts you're not embarrassed to say you like—for example, Boot Camp Clik and Black Moon.

Team Facelift inspires us. In their mission statement, they claim to fully support the following: the gutter, loofahs, heavy eye contact, looseys, meeting up with people to talk, not giving a fuck, exciting activities, sniffing coke, shame, lying to girls, emotions, regal riding jackets, old-timey stuff, and Jewish girls from Long Island. Being the last thing on that list, I immediately became smitten and signed myself on as their stage mom. I've been following them around ever since, trying to get them to smile onstage and to make out with me in a dark corner. (Note to self: Don't get involved with the people you're trying to write about. It makes it really hard to describe their rap music.)

Ultimately, it doesn't matter what's true and what's not true about Team Facelift. Their lies are funny and good tunes is good tunes. Their music will make you want to put down this issue of *Missbehave* and start dance-humping the couch immediately. Since I've become a groupie I'll have you know that the "delicate wispy-toe Asian" fan-boy rumors are true. There's one waiting outside the door as I write this. Join us? teamfacelift.com ★

WORDS: **LESLEY ARFIN** PHOTO: **MARLEY KATE**







# Hipster Runoff

## 1 Luv 4 Bloggerz Ya'll

It was really hard to get an interview with Carles, who writes the blog Hipsterrunoff. He lives in Texas, no one knows what he looks like, and he only responds to emails when he feels like it. The picture shown here of "Carles" makes it seem like he is on some JT LeRoy tip. It was the best we could do and we don't care because we love him.

Hipsterrunoff.com is a very special world indeed. It's a world where Greg Gillis is household a name and everyone has a "Paper Planes" remix. Imagine a place where you can find running commentary on Uffie's ever-changing boob-size, or decide whether an alt-baby or a pair of predator glasses is the better accessory fit for you. In this world, Carles asks probing questions such as "Are Jews the alt-iest group of peoples on the planet?" and "Do ya'll think DJ AM is srsly 'the chosen 1?" It's hard not to immediately want to stalk Carles and force him into a codependent relationship with us. But he tells us that's totes impossible because "Some people only exist on the internet."

These days, when every hipster hates saying the word hipster out loud, we wanted to know why Carles chose it. Are celebs hipsters? Is he a hipster ? What is hipster and what is Alt (he mentions "Alt" a lot)? "'Hipster' is more of a term that is meant to describe a consumer demographic for marketers and journalists who are writing stories about Generation Y" Carles explains. Alt is more representative of the essence of the drive to differentiate yourself in any way." Um, okay. Wait, what's Generation Y? Carles sounds all smarty during the interview, which leads us to believe he dumbs his shit waaaay down on the website. If it wasn't so fucking funny we might be insulted.

Hipster Runoff began as an MP3 blog: "Eventually, I realized that there is more to blog-life than writing about buzz-worthy MP3s." Now he posts photos from different party blogs and websites and comments on them. Lately, party photo websites have seemingly sprung up in any city that has a population of over a thousand, yet he mainly focuses on the classics. "Bronques (LastNightsParty) has a website that is a little bit more conceptual. Women feel like they're justifying an artistic concept when they're getting naked," he says. "The Cobra Snake website is sort of like the Chili's of party photography websites—sort of a family atmosphere where you can get just about anything inoffensive."

Magazines commenting on blogs that comment on blogs is so next level that we suddenly just felt really insecure about ourselves. "I am actively trying to extend my blog brand into new markets. Hipster Runoff Radio is on Sirius XM on Mondays at noon and midnight eastern. The Hipster Runoff EP is available for download at the blog." On the EP, Carles explains, "I was looking to create a meaningful sound project which speaks to an entire alternative generation and stays relevant for at least one month." Dare to dream (for at least 30 days) at Hipsterrunoff.com. ★

WORDS: **SARAH MORRISON** PHOTO: **COURTNEY CHAVANELL**

# Morgan Murphy

## Stand-up and Deliver

The first thing you notice about 27-year-old Morgan Murphy is her jelly-apple red corkscrew curls. "I've always had a severe impulse to shave my head," Morgan says. The second thing you notice is that most people plug their nostrils with chunks of tissue around her so that their drink doesn't come squirting out of their noses while they're laughing. That's how funny she is.

Portland-born Morgan knew she wanted to write comedy at 14 when the rest of us were busy praying for boobs. "I would just record whatever stand-up was on TV and keep VHS tapes," she remembers. "I kept a comedy notebook in high school full of these letters I'd write, like 'I Want To Be a Staff Writer'. I didn't even know what a 'staff writer' was!" But it wasn't until college that Morgan scored an internship with Conan O'Brien. When she wasn't fetching coffee, she went to see standup all over New York. "It definitely helps to watch stand-up, as opposed to scripted comedy on TV with huge stars, to see how other people start trying out a joke."

Sometimes "trying out a joke" is frustrating. "I would tell a joke and get no response. Then I'd dig into really old jokes. That didn't work either. I'd have to struggle to not yell, 'Tell me what you want!' It was like talking to a baby!" Eventually, Morgan moved on to writing for the show *Crank Yankers*. You remember that show with the puppets making prank phone calls? It was awesome. Morgan even had a puppet with matching red puppet curls. Jimmy Kimmel, who executive produced *Crank Yankers*, took an interest in her. After a season at *Crank Yankers*, he asked her to write for *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* After two years of writing for *Kimmel*, Morgan moved on in order to travel, do stand-up, and work on a variety of short writing gigs, including a pilot for the *Cheech and Chong: Roasted Special*. We wanted to make her a Star Search cuz she's really hot and really funny and has a deadpan voice that makes us think she knows stuff about life. She has even scored a couple of acting roles, one in Bobcat Goldthwait's (we love him) film *Sleeping Dogs Lie* (where the lead admits to blowing her dog and gets dumped by her fiancé), and the upcoming movie *World's Greatest Dad*, a dark and twisted comedy that stars Robin Williams.

Morgan is making her way as an independent woman these days, but you won't catch her storming the White House with copies of SCUM manifesto or anything like that. And just because she's a comedienne, it doesn't mean her jokes are about girl stuff. "What is feminism now?" she asks. "It's hard for me to think about. I just walked outside and looked at the carpet design. If you look closely, it looks like it has little vaginas all over it." That's called a dream carpet! Stalk her at morganmurphy.net ★

WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN** PHOTO: **BRADLEY MEINZ**



# MISS BEHAVE MAG.com




DUH YOU KNOW HOW I CAN GET TO NORTH SIXTH?
BANG
VIBRANT ARTIST COMMUNITY
CLAK CLACK
EDGEY CONDOS
Coming Soon.....
CLAK
CLAK
CLAK
GLASHAUS


WELCOME TO,
LUXURY!!!
MEDIA
BANG
BANG
BANG!!
BANG!!
BANG!!
COFFEE
NO BRAKES

# OH! YOU PRETTY THINGS

## The Missbehave Guide to Style!

WORDS & PHOTOS: **THE MISSBEHAVE STAFF**






The one and only Sarah Morrison



Sarah Morrison photo: **Jimmy Fontaine**

This is the *Missbehave* Style Guide. Does that mean you should follow it? Yes, unless you like being the worst person in the world (besides Scott Peterson). Many minds came together to create this guide, and we are all experts, so the final verdict that came out is the God's honest correct truth that can never be disputed. Oh, and BTW, we mention Sarah Morrison, our web editor, numerous times in this article, because she's the office poster girl and she personifies everything we're trying to say. Style is a matter of life and death for a lot of people, including you and us. We all know it's not just about being on the fence about leggings. It's about wanting to be buried with your knickknacks, forgetting to take your meds on purpose, and eating tuna fish for a month because you need to buy those Alaia shoes. In short, fashion is how you live life. Each entry is a perfect example of how to be more stylish than Jane Birkin taking a shit at Vivienne Westwood's house. So get ready for your new Bible. P.S. You're so welcome.

**Acrylic nails and nails in general:** Being into your nails isn't cool anymore. It's passé and a hot ghetto mess. It's also our favorite thing on earth next to orgasms and Don Draper. We even take prenatal vitamins so our nails grow at a delightfully fast speed. Without manicure therapy, life is one big Groundhog Day, so ignore the critics and get working on those nails. *Runners up: acid wash, acid, Agent Provocateur under our shitty clothing, ACE bandages, animal prints, Americana, Anais Nin, aspirin (two the morning after), Adderall, arcades, acne, Adrian from Rocky.*

**Betsey Johnson:** Love is not a strong enough word. This woman is crazy nuts talented, the kindest person on earth, and forever fearless. *Runners up: bows, boyfriend's shirts, babydoll dresses, back-talking, Bowie, Brian Lichtenberg, The Baby-sitters Club, boys, BlackBerry, boobs, braids, Britney, blogging, bikinis, boy bands, bedazzling stuff, burning bridges.*

**Castelbajac:** Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, aka JC/DC, is this insane designer who is dreaming about *Missbehave* at night, but doesn't know it yet because he's not keeping a dream journal (asshole). Little does he know that we keep a JC/DC journal–it's filled with jigsaw puzzles, teddy bears, googly-eyes, smiley faced monsters, and everything else that pops into that perfect palette he calls his brain. *Runners up: cats, cocaine, cigarettes, cheeseburgers, crazy pants, crystal healing, Cry-Baby, cut-offs, cults, children of movie stars, colored mascara, Clarissa Explains It All, candy, churros, cheap beer, cheese, Courtney Love, cleavage, contradicting ourselves.*



Rah-Rah
Radio Rose







***Desperately Seeking Susan*:** Sometimes we can't decide which style we like more in this movie. The obvious choice would be Madonna's. She trades awesome jackets for shitty earrings and blow dries her pits in a public bathroom. But then there is Rosanna Arquette, the Betty to Madonna's Veronica. Rosanna's futile attempt to go from prep to punk (red sweatpants!?!) is so wrong it reminds us of every great fashion mistake we ever made. *Runners up: Do the Right Thing, diamante, diamond studs, doorknockers, dirty hair, dirty looks, diet pills, Dramamine, Diet Coke, Disney princesses, drinking games.*

**eBay:** Our moms claim to have shopped 'til they dropped, but we go several hours past dropped and crawl over to the keyboard to bid on impossible-to-find godsends like Harley-Davidson motorcycle boots, vintage Huggy Bear t-shirts, a shoebox full of alligator claws, Keane paintings, paper dresses, Courr`eges, Escada, and Iceberg jeans with Bart Simpson on the butt. Yes, these are all real things we got on eBay and no, we cannot stop. *Runners up: The Eighties, equestrian gear, eagles (the bird not the band), emergency contraception, Exene Cervenka.*

**Free stuff:** We learned from the movie *Summer School* that if you write to your favorite company and tell them how much you love their product, they'll send you free stuff like wacky sunglasses. It takes a certain kind of person to constantly be getting free stuff. It's about panache and attitude. Some of us are great at it (Sam), while others are still learning the ropes. *Runners up: face paint, figure skaters, Fred Flare, frilly socks, funny guys, Freaks and Geeks, feathers, fried food, fake Chanel, fur and faux fur, fanny packs, fishnets, fast food, flea markets, forties, freckle faces, fucked up teeth, FTW.*

**Granny style:** If she's still alive, go steal her cable-knit cardigans and miniature pillbox hats. Those lace-up boots would look great with sock garters. If you're going prematurely gray, embrace it like Jo Beth Williams did in *Poltergeist. Runners up: glasses, Goodwill, glitter, Gwen Stefani, Gossip Girl, go-go shit, giant purses, gold, girl gangs, Golden Girls, goth kids, girl scout uniforms.*

**Hair extensions:** Sarah Morrison is always talking about hair glue and leaving hair dust bunnies around but she also has long luxurious hair. Sure, it fucks up your scalp and costs bundles, but growing it long takes forever and we need to look pretty NOW dammit! What's the matter with cheating anyway? An A+ is an A+. Who cares how you got it? *Runners up: high ponytails, hoop earrings, head gear, hooker shoes, holes in everything, hippie shit, high waisted house pants, hairy pits, Heathers, hickeys.*

**Inevitable mistakes:** A chorus of "told you so" seems to follow us around, whether it's our stomach telling us so by making us vomit in the trash at the office, or moms telling us so by refusing to help pay off that credit card bill, or herpes making fun of our genitals for not using a condom. But whatever, inevitable mistakes also mean inevitable fun and inevitable good stories to tell once the only thing inevitable about your life is that you need to pick up milk from the store. *Runners up: irony, income (big ones only), illegal substances, Insight (the clothing brand), inside-out sweatshirts, iChat, Intervention, Ikebukuro, ice cream cones, intimacy issues.*

**Jeremy Scott:** Give a girl a cheeseburger and she'll eat for a day. Give a girl a cheeseburger dress and you'll teach her to look fabulous enough to get a lifetime of free drinks. And with that money she saved, she will totally be able to buy her own cheeseburger anyway! *Runners up: Judi Rosen, jelly bracelets, jeans, Jersey Shore, jerkey diets, Japanese schoolgirls, Jezebel.com.*

**Keepin it super short:** The bad girls in high school who rocked micro-minis were totally onto something. Super short skirts are like skeleton keys—they'll get you into anything. The *Missbehave* rule is if you look like an R. Crumb fantasy girl, you're good to go. *Runners up: knee highs, knickers, knick-knackery, Keeping Up With the Kardashians, Kelly Bundy, kidnapped kids, Kelly Kapoor.*

**Lifetime movies:** If you don't leave your house for six weeks and watch nothing but Lifetime movies, you'll be empowered, angry as all hell, and your tear ducts will look like man-bags. It's like mainlining

PMS. *Runners up: leather and lace, leopard, Luella, leggings, LaROK, LOLcats, laundromats, Lil' Kim.*

**Messy hair:** It was a close call between "Morrisson, Sarah" and messy hair, but then we remembered that Sarah loves messy hair, and since we love Sarah, we decided that we'd kill two birds with one very stylish stone. *Runners up: Moschino, Manish Arora, Marc Jacobs, mom jeans, mittens, medicinal marijuana, Mexico, microwaves.*

**Nerds:** All things worth reading, seeing and wearing are first embraced by the most intelligent of people; the nerds. Thick-rimmed Elvis Costello glasses, pants that are simultaneously too high AND too short, black socks, comic books, JanSport backpacks and stained shirts. Embrace your inner nerd, because it really is hip to be square. Saying something is "hip to be square" is really nerdy, too. So is the Huey Lewis song with the same title. We're into all of it. *Runners up: nameplates, neon, no panties, not sleeping, Nick at Nite, naked time.*

**Our dads:** Not only did they donate their sperm to create us, give us our first Velvet Underground record, and let us take sips of their Buds late at night while we watched *Star Trek: the Next Generation*, they also convinced themselves we will stay virgins forever no matter how many abortions we get. And for that, we love them. *Runners up: old boots, Ossie Clarke, one-hitters, opposite day.*

**Pajamas:** Our editor is trying to enforce a special "wear-your-PJ's-to-work-Fridays," but only her brain knows it. She is easing us into it by wearing PJ's under her sweatpants. This is too cozy for words, and



makes your legs feel like they're in vaginal sleeping bags, so if you want to step to us and try the pee-pee-jam-jams lyfe, you better bring some coffee. *Runners up: plaid, Polly's, pumps, punk, prints, Pump Up The Volume, pet hamsters, porn, pool parties, puffy paint, Pamela Anderson, Patricia Field, pandas not penguins.*

**Queers:** We love the gays. They're fucking tough and punk as shit and if you don't think that's true then you're a homophobe. Like the Screeching Weasel song says: "You're so full of shit/Why don't you admit/That you don't have the balls to be a queer." *Runners up: Queens (drag), Quentin Tarantino movies, Quaaludes, quoting our moms, Quimby (Ramona).*

**Road trips:** Now that gas prices are down, get into that jalopy of yours and drive until you start hallucinating. Go hold an alligator in Missouri. Make out with an Eskimo in Alaska. Get a bumper sticker that says "I'd



Brissi and her brace face

Rather Be Starfucking" in California. Watch TV in Delaware! There's no reason not to wash your hair in rest stop sinks and sleep on beaches. Do it while you're young and full of whimsy. Do it now. *Runners up: redheads, red lipstick, rosy cheeks, Red Bull, ripped tights, rehab, reality shows.*

**Suri Cruise:** Is it her wide-eyed innocence or her ability to pull off Burberry without looking like a cad? She single handedly brought back the bob whilst warming America's hearts, and the last person to do that was Scout Finch and she's not even real. *Runners up: St. Mark's Place, slutting it up, sneakers, skintight, sequins, the Sock Man, Sock Dreams, slippers worn as shoes, sticking gum under tables, stalking people, Spanx, Sweet Valley High, safety pins, snowcones, shoplifting, Spanglish, scratch tickets, shame spirals.*

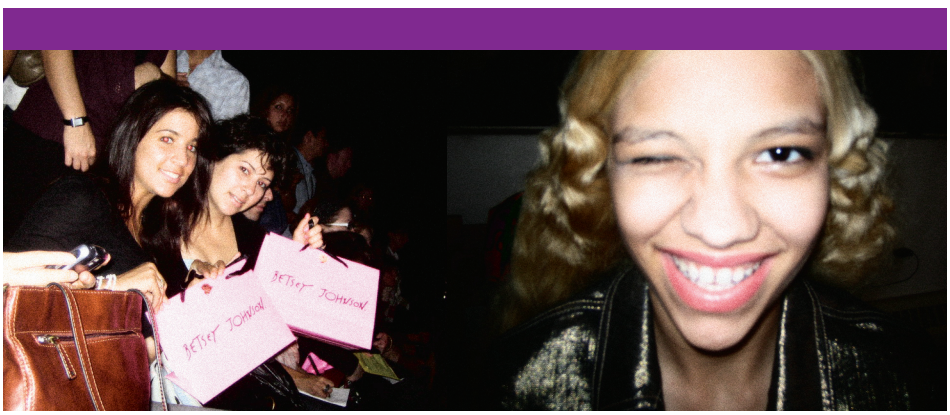
**Themes:** Dress in themes! It's so much fun. Feel like channeling your inner Parker Posey in *Party Girl*? Do it. Or maybe you're feeling like a ragged little street urchin from 1929? We feel you. Fashion is about playing the game, and nothing makes a game more fun than tons of weird rules. The more obscure, the better. *Runners up: Tripp NYC, tacky shit, tribal, tights, tripping (as in falling, not acid. But yes, acid too), tie dye, TV dinners, tube tops, tampons, TiVo, take-out, Tyra, The mall, teenage boys, Twitter.*

**Ugly:** Gauguin once said, "The ugly can be beautiful. The pretty, never." This is why we fall asleep on Nicole Kidman's face while weirdos like Beatrice Dalle will be superbabes a hundred years after their fingernails stop growing. Besides, once you open your eyes to weird beauty, way more hotties are in your league. *Runners up: union suits, unitards, Underoos.*

**Vampires:** Did you know that most vampires put glass and cans in their compost bins? They're going to be around for a few hundred years, so the few decades it takes for them to break down is nothing.

Champagne photo: **LastNightsParty.com**, Brissi photo: **Alex Harrington**

Give a girl a cheeseburger and she'll eat for a day. Give a girl a cheeseburger dress and you'll teach her to look fabulous enough to get a lifetime of free drinks!





Brooke in a cape?
Not a big deal.





Apparently, styrofoam is great for perennials after the 150 years it takes for it to decompose. Rock the pale makeup, pointy teeth, blood red lipstick, and black capes. Goth is forever. *Runners up: Victorian garb, Vivienne Westwood, vibrators, Vegas.*

**Weetzie Bat:** Is a book by Francesca Lia Block. If you don't know what it is, we feel excited for you and when you go out and buy it right now and read it cover to cover you'll know why. Let's assume you do know. Her white sunglasses? Her bleached blonde flat-top haircut? Her vintage dresses and glittery Go-Go style that bounced all over Los Angeles like a living fairy tale? Weetzie, Witch Baby, Cherokee Bat, Dirk, Duck, Grandma Fifi, and, of course, My Secret-Agent Lover Man, all have what we think is genius style. It may be fictional, but it's real in our hearts! *Runners up: watches from Canal street, witches, Wicca, Wikipedia, Winehouse (Amy), wine in a box, Weeds, weed.*

**X-Girl:** You remember X-Girl. It was the shit in the 90's, and we are super nostalgic for it. Designed by Kim Gordon and Daisy Von Furth (what happened to her anyway?), the two teamed up with a bunch of pixie-haired, waifish models and designed affordable pieces for the girl who wanted the ultimate indie rock wardrobe. There were no bells and whistles, just solid colors and really box-cut stuff. In a world full of Jncos and baby t's, it was neccessary. *Runners up: The X-Files, Xbox, XXX movie theatres.*

**Yelling At The Screen (During Movies):** Buying a movie ticket these days is equivelant to buying a diamond-encrusted mansion in 1879. It's bullshit, but sometimes we crave buttered popcorn and having opinions. It's deemed rude by society to talk during a movie, and while talking actually is rude, yelling at the screen is not. In fact, we think it should be required. Going to see a gay-ass movie like *The Darjeeling Limited* isn't worth $12.50, but when the audience is yelling back at the film, not only does it make the movie better, it also makes you feel all bond-y with the audience. *Runners up: Yelle, YSL, youth-in-Asia, YouTube, your mom (not).*

**Zip Up Hoodies:** The "cardigan of sweatshirts" is essential to every wardrobe, whether you're a punk or a hood-rat or a preppy asshole. Everyone needs one. We think if one article of clothing could define our entire generation, it would be this utilitarian woobie. Vintage or new, all graphed out with dollar signs and an Aaron Bonderoff Community logo, a WOWCH/Judi Rosen collab zip up hoodie with batwing sleeves, or just a classic black Jerzees. *Runners up: zoos, zebra print, Zig-Zag rolling papers, zeitgeist.* ★



Champagne photo: **LastNightsParty.com**

# CHERRY BOMB!

## JR's killing it and we want in!

WORDS: **LESLEY ARFIN** PHOTOS: **BILL STROBECK**





Jen "JR" Reynolds is this kooky bad-ass girl-around-town that we're sort of obsessed with. She's been in *Missbehave* before (Angela Boatwright shot her for a gothy/dark angel thing) and we kind of just want to keep following her around with a camera. She's 20 years old and goes to NYU and makes movies and stuff. The movie she just made is "an allegorical account of the JonBenét Ramsey murder starring my mom." She grew up on a farm in New Jersey and her favorite filmmakers are Kenneth Anger, Jon Moritsugu, and John Cassavetes. Her favorite song right now is "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean" (you know, that Scottish folk song that sounds like getting drunk in 1756?) and all of her best friends are "a bunch of 30-year-old men." We just think JR is cool and pretty and we like that her nose is always stuffed up and makes her sound dorky. We asked her to give us "Ten Commandments," and this is what she delivered.

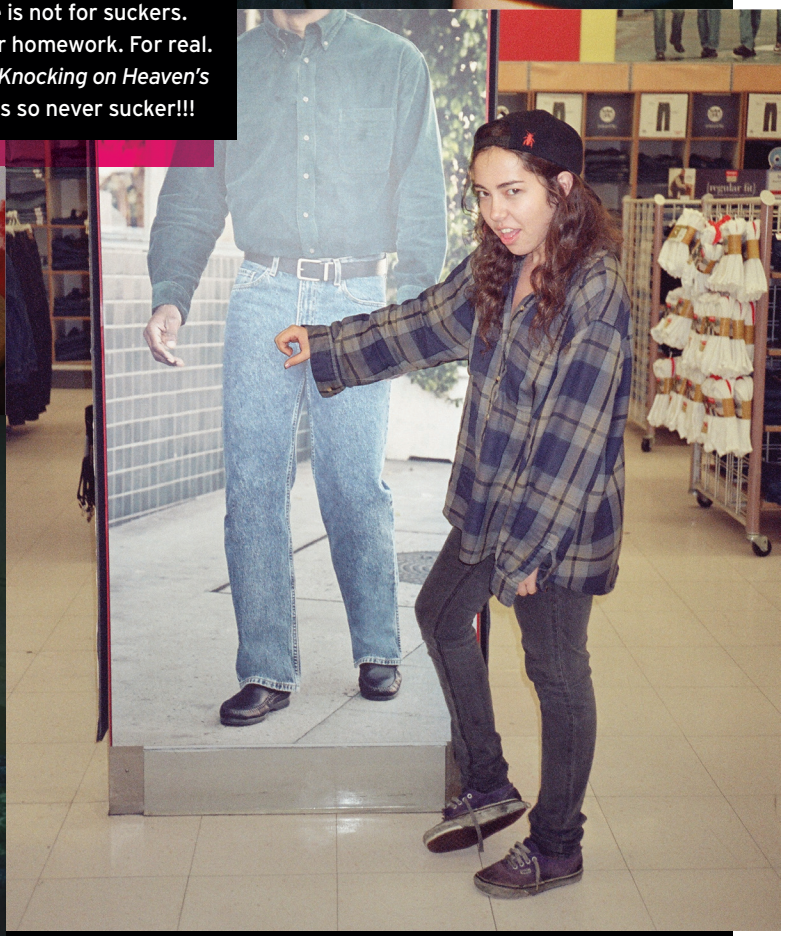






## JR's 10 Commandments:

- Rules are for suckers.
- Lipstick is not for suckers.
- Straight teeth are for suckers.
- Boxcutters: not for suckers.
- "Po mo" is so sucker!
- Thigh-highs are not for the suckers.
- Parliament Lights are super sucker.
- Depeche Mode is not for suckers.
- Always do your homework. For real.
- Guns N' Roses *Knocking on Heaven's Door* Ritz 1988 is so never sucker!!!





# I WAS A TEENAGE ROLLERGIRL

## Writer Liz Armstrong relives her Rollerderby zine queen days.





When you're in your 20s, it's your job to start working on your 401K. I don't mean that like you think I do. Some people rely on long-term savings earned by punching into the system and investing in funds or some shit. Others rely on their cache of stories to tell about living a big, outrageous and stormy life, knowing that someday it will all amount to something. The first option sounds secure and cozy, but I think it's a myth. You're guaranteed nothing in life unless you've built a legacy measured in cultural currency.

I'm not talking about "accidental" coochie shots reaped while exiting the limo of some famous celeb you've befriended, or having a hamhock ass and rock-hard abs, claiming some horrific diet that will have you pooping yellow until you're 80. I'm talking about speaking to the seed of your soul and then blowing it in the wind, chasing after the fuzzy dandelion of your essence that you've willfully scattered across the land. Does that sound overly dramatic and embarrassingly poetic? Then please turn the page and politely finish college the way you were told to.

When you're young, you're not supposed to be responsible or make good decisions for your future. You're supposed to be a screw-up who no one can stand and get beaten up mentally, physically, or emotionally. At least that's what I learned from *Rollerderby,* a zine that influenced me more than my own parents. [Just in case you are not familiar with *Rollerderby,* I'll give you a brief summary. Lisa Crystal Carver is a punk goddess from New Hampshire. She was in a punk band when she was 18, was a prostitute, dated Bill Callahan from Smog, then Boyd Rice (industrial dude who was into Satan), traveled around a lot, and most likely dyed her hair a bunch too. She put all of her crazy adventures and thoughts down in fanzine format. Today she has two kids, one of them is named Wolfgang and the other, Mercedes (our totally awesome alarm is flashing bright red). She is a grown-up now and a real published author (*Drugs Are Nice, Dancing Queen: A Lusty Look At The American Dream; and The Lisa Diaries: Four Years in the Sex Life of Lisa Carver and Company*). Lisa Carver is also known as Lisa Suckdog, and she doesn't apologize for jack shit.—Ed.]




All photos courtesy of **Liz Armstrong**

I grew up in the suburbs of Chicago. I was a straight-A student, a cheerleader, a year-round soccer player, and on the school newspaper. I also took acid when I was 14, lost my virginity even before that, avidly believed in ghosts, smuggled screwdrivers in an orange juice bottle to school, caught a mysterious skin rash after passing out in a warehouse rave, dyed my hair pink and purple, got into fights, and regularly ditched class to stay home to watch *The Jerry Springer Show*. Everyone thought I was weird, and I could never get a date to a dance at school. The guys I did date had exotic names, fancied themselves to be computer hackers, and were out of high school by a longshot.

When I was bored, I'd drive halfway to the city and stop off at the median on the overpass so I could hang out near the payphones. This was before cell phones, and it was where all the action was. I'd sit and wait for one of the sticky phones to ring so I could have a dirty conversation with a stranger. I'd eavesdrop, meddle, befriend or insult someone, and find out about some wild trashy party I'd never otherwise know about. And then I'd go. Where? Deep in the city surrounded by men and poker games and big dogs. Then I'd realize I was thoroughly freaked out and couldn't wait to get back to my bedroom with the pictures of Bat Boy decorating my teal and royal blue sponge-painted walls.

I used to spend my wages earned from my job at Contempo Casuals on two things: slutty clothes and cool-looking magazines. My rambunctious and romantic 17-year-old heart stopped when I saw something that was either a low-budget magazine or a pretty classy zine. Whatever it was, its cover was pink and had an image of a cheerleader eating Fruity Pebbles and talking on the phone on her twin bed, which was piled with crappy stuffed animals probably won at a carnival, a Lisa Frank Trapper Keeper and a Pearl Jam poster looming large in the near distance. I turned it over and on the back the cheerleader had hanged herself right in front of her Tiffany record. What the hell was this? This was my first issue of *Rollerderby*, issue #14. It saved my life.

Cover girl Cindy Dall (oh, how I later lived for Cindy Dall's sexy, morbid photo shoots) wrote a quaint and peculiar story about living in some squalid apartment full of loud neighbors who fought and fucked all the time. Little did I know that's what life's like in any apartment, but at the time it all seemed terribly tawdry and exciting. I surmised that Lisa Carver, the woman who ran the whole enterprise, performed in a band called Suckdog and had abundant love for the likes of Fabio and staid Russian diplomats.

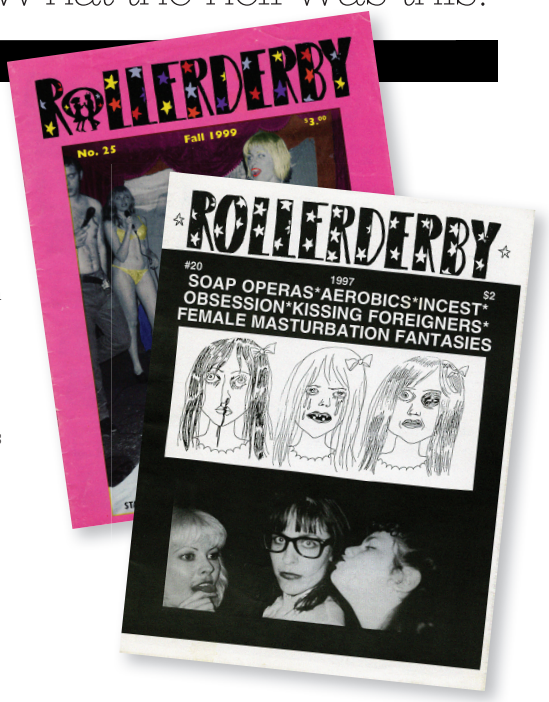
Lisa's beauty tips brought me great relief. I wasn't the only spazz on the planet! "Anywhere you can wear open-toe shoes is a good place to be," she wrote. "The more uncomfortable you feel, the better you look." She talked about going to scary movies with false eyelashes on so it felt like spiders were crawling on her eyelids and faking cleavage with a strategic cat scratch down the breastbone. "Finally," she concluded, "tell yourself this: I WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH TO BE EXCITED." Yes! Exactly! I felt like crying when I read that.

Boyd Rice wrote a story in *Rollerderby* about the futility of ribbon awareness and the psychology






I turned it over and on the back the cheerleader had hanged herself right in front of her Tiffany record. What the hell was this?




behind feeling like you're making a difference simply by displaying a symbol deemed culturally relevant. He was so right that I shook my fist in the air in solidarity. I wanted to yell in the streets, "The ribbon is an empty vessel, a symbol of your laziness, you suburban sheep!" It was totally the kind of stuff that gets an angry high-schooler's blood pumping.

So many things in my life suddenly felt OK now that I had found this magazine. I had always been visually feminine, internally masculine, and often pretty ugly. Before I found *Rollerderby,* I thought personalities had to be separated into suburbanite vs. slut, or good student vs. insubordinate, or kind-hearted citizen vs. punk. Now I knew that we all knocked around in the same body; we were all the same person, and it hit me then that life was going to be a rip-roaring time.

Until that happened however, I had to have more of this zine. I ordered every back issue of *Rollerderby,* tearing through them as soon as they came. I was so excited about them that I even showed them to my mom, who just kind of murmured "Umm…" while looking at the cutesy images of spread-open vaginas and scary cartoons by G.G. Allin.

I would lay awake at night, thinking about all these wonderful sex- and death-obsessed weirdos. And how, despite their pervy proclivities, they all talked about having a great time in the regular world and viewed everything as an opportunity to harbor a futile crush or explore a secret history *(everything* has a secret history, duh). Their lives were florid bouquets of obsession, fascination, and turn-ons. These people were curious about it all, and they wanted to live it 'til their blood spilled out on the sidewalk and some wild animal came and licked it up.

All the teenage girls I knew at the time just wanted to grow up to have nice houses and nice husbands and maybe even nice jobs. Before I found Lisa, my main idols had been famous groupie Pamela DesBarres, Victorian dandy Oscar Wilde, and Julia Roberts's character in *Pretty Woman* (before she was "saved" by Richard Gere). Now I wanted to live somewhere gross, drink too much booze, wear tight pants and too much eye makeup, write dark poetry, and have sex with people in bands. Post-*Rollerderby,* my goals didn't change much, but my life did. Drastically.

For starters, I answered an ad in which some lady in Pennsylvania sought a pen-pal for her shy college guy friend in Virginia. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 88 ↪**



# DOUBLE TEAM

## Nina Sky: 2 Good 2 Be 4 Gotten

WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN** PHOTO: **MARLEY KATE**

Not since those Doublemint commercials or that movie *Big Business* (yes, the one with Bette Midler and Lilly Tomlin), have you seen a set of twins tear up the scene like the gorgeous Puerto Rican sisters of Nina Sky. With chords like Lauryn Hill and a hustle like Diddy, 23-year-old identical twin sisters Natalie and Nicole Albino arrived on the scene in 2004 with their reggaeton hit "Move Ya Body" (which, btw, played in my head during the entire interview). Choosing to combine the first two letters of their names (Ni + Na), and referencing their only limitation (being the sky, duh), the girls created a joint identity: Nina Sky. Their combined name, eerily similar phone voices and, the fact that my precious kitty, Weetzie Bat, kept stepping on my tape recorder, made for a crazily confusing ménage à trois of an interview. Girls, let's do it in person and with the lights on next time, OK?

Styling: **Rose Garcia**, Makeup: **Nadine Vendryes** using M.A.C. Cosmetics, Hair: **Karmela Lozina**



On Natalie: Dress by **Judi Rosen**, Earrings by **Meloday Eshani**. On Nicole: Earrings & bracelets by **Patricia Field**, Dress by **Jeremy Scott**, Necklace by **Delphine-Charlotte Parmentier**

Reminiscent of Wyclef Jean's *Carnival* and Lauryn Hill's *Miseducation* (which happen to be the first two R&B/Hip Hop CDs I shelled out allowance for), their new album, *The Musical*, brings Nina Sky into grown-ass womanhood along with all the salty, bitter emotions that go with that honor. If you're waiting for the next reggaeton album, first of all you're lame, and second of all, don't. *The Musical* is hip hop, soul, and R&B heavy. With no formal training, just pure determination and vocals like prepubescent gospel boys, Natalie and Nicole haven't quite hit the sky, but their wings are totally sprouting.

Born in Queens, Natalie and Nicole had a DJ for a stepfather who introduced them to such essential music as The Police, Mary J. Blige, Cyndi Lauper, Madonna, KRS1, and Miles Davis. "There was nothing that wasn't played in our household," says a twin voice. The girls started writing their own songs when they were just seven years old, including their first song, "Sisters." "I still have the book that it was written in," Natalie tells me. "The lyrics were simple, 'Sisters are gonna get their life together and I will not let you go.' That was the chorus part of it which we just repeated, and then Nicole rapped at the end (laughter)"

The girls grew up on Roosevelt Island, attended different schools in Chelsea, and started going to auditions when they were 14. These twinzies didn't pull as many *Sister, Sister* or *Parent Trap* type twin shenanigans as I'd hoped, but making music is cool enough. Nicole learned to play the guitar, and her father gave her a conga drum (complete with an instrumental video that taught her everything she needed to know.) Meanwhile, Natalie learned to DJ from her older brother. Eventually, they auditioned for the Jettsonz, who then introduced them to Cipha Sounds from Hot 97 and MTV. He played them the "Coolie Dance Riddim," which (in just 45 minutes) became the beat to Nina Sky's immediate hit "Move Ya Body," which catapulted the girls to instant hit-status. And like in a teeny bopper movie (with Nina Sky as the soundtrack), Universal Records swooped down and signed them.

Although it went gold, Nina Sky was let out of their contract with Universal when it failed to meet sales expectations. It was at that point (in this teen movie) when they realized success wasn't worth it if they can't be true to their roots. "We were trying to catch up with Move Ya Body. It was a really huge song and we weren't prepared for the success," one of them says. Lucky for us, they met Bryan Leach from Polo Grounds J Records. "He just seemed to understand our music. As soon as we signed with him, we got in the studio and started working. We're co-executive producing this album. We gave Bryan a list of producers and we ended up getting in the studio with every person on that list."

In the four-year gap between Nina Sky's first and second album, they never stopped the hustle. Natalie and Nicole have been touring all over the world, recording *The Musical*, and DJ'ing on the side. Nina Sky is all about making moves: "Even if you're signed, you always have to grind like you're unsigned. We put out mix tapes so people know we're still relevant," says Natalie. No, wait maybe it was Nicole? Whateve.

*The Musical*, which dropped early this year, came together with the help of producers such as Scott Storch, Salaam Remi, and The Jettsonz. The girls took four years to create the album, recording over a hundred songs in the process. They edited it down until they had the perfect combination of songs which range from heartfelt to angry, to often-tear-jerking pass-me-the-tissue. Listening to their music made me want to ragingly drunk dial my ex at three o'clock in the morning, call him a spiteful bastard, and tell him that he should come over if he's down to get down.

And Music isn't their only talent. Natalie and Nicole are currently working on design collaborations with New Era, and are featured in Fila's Melrose print advertisements (which are really cute). Natalie recently put out a banging Nina Sky/MadeMe tee and Nicole is still DJing. These double-the-trouble ladies are freaking the fuck out about the birth of their new album. And they should be, especially since it's kind of like a real baby that they carried for four achingly long years. A baby that looks like a CD case, is covered in plastic, and might someday become gold. Not the cutest kid, but she hardly drools at all. Fly high at myspace.com/ninasky ★

# VIRGIN CLUB

## Giving Christianity a Hand Job

WORDS: **MAUDE STANDISH** ILLUSTRATION: **WAYS&MEANS**




These days, the guy I lost my virginity to has long, stringy black hair, plays the bongos in a Jam band, deals weed from his tie-dye themed bedroom, and for a brief while worked as an exotic animal handler, a job that involved chasing down an escape-artist fox (named Fabio) at eight-year-olds' birthday parties. We don't really talk anymore, and I don't remember that much about my first time, except that we laid out navy towels under me, lit a scented candle, and it hurt like a bitch. Oh yeah—I also lied to everyone for like a year, saying I still had my V card.

I didn't lie because I thought God was lurking over my shoulders. I lied because the farthest any of my friends had gone was a BJ, and I didn't want to answer a bunch of dumb questions that I didn't even know how to answer. That said, I just assumed that for the rest of my high school career (and uh, LIFE) that everyone around me was constantly trying to get laid. But it turns out that a bunch of teenagers and 20-somethings are actually down on their knees praying *not* to get laid.

Don't believe me? You might have even seen them before. They're the kind of girls that flash their silver purity rings, wear pink sweatshirts that say "Christian Girl," and believe that Britney was a virgin right up until the first baby popped out of her well-used oven.

Recently, promise rings, which swear to God Almighty that you're gonna be a virgin 'til marriage, have been getting a lot of attention as a new generation of Disney heartthrobs claim their purity (perfectly setting up their predictable fall to disgrace). Organizations like the "Silver Ring Thing" (apparently gold rings are for whores), and "True Love Waits," have been luring hundreds of thousands of young Americans to toss aside their thongs and bring Jesus into their pubescent bedrooms.

Some churches and Christian groups have Father-Daughter Purity Balls, where the girls wear gowns and the dads swear "before God to cover my daughter as her authority and protection in the area of purity," according to *The New York Times*. Others just have weekly meetings like any other club. Instead of playing chess, I imagine they just chant "No" over and over again. Think girls keeping their vags under lock and key are out of touch with reality? Well, it's like what Jordin Sparks said about her silver band at this year's MTV Video Music Awards: "It's not bad to wear a promise ring, because not everybody – guy or girl – wants to be a slut."

Of course, what Miss Jordin is missing is that some girls totally DO want to be a slut, and still others don't see creaming before marriage as slutty at all! In fact, Jordin Sparks, some of us want nothing more than to have some art school dude rip off our designer panties and make us scream until our neighbors start pounding on the ceiling with a broom handle. That doesn't make us slutty (though we are totally down with sluts), it makes us smart women who don't think getting off has to end with changing diapers, aprons, and hubbies.

Since Jordin and I obviously have a breech of understanding and the only ring that I'm acquainted with is the Nuevo ring, I decided to track down some of these mystical virgins. I packed the closest thing I have to a Bible (my cell phone), and headed to a modern Christian temple—a mega-church. Mega-churches aren't abundant in New York City, so I had to venture out into the wilds of Connecticut, to Milford's Kingdom Life Christian Church.

Arriviving at the church on a rainy December evening, I am terrified that the adolescent Christian soldiers will sniff out my broken hymen. I enter the Youth Center, through the back of a rain splattered and desolate parking lot, and immediately spot two women decked out in various shades of pinks and purples. They've got gold-dipped bibles gripped in their pudgy hands and are speaking fervently about promise rings. Jackpot! When their attention turns to me I'm greeted with big smiles and hardy handshakes. I get nervous when they ask me what my name is so I say the first thing that slips out of my mouth: "Sarah Morrison." Immediately, I think, "Fuck, please don't let Christians Google-stalk like the rest of us heathens."

Last week, back home in Chicago, I called a guy I know who is a Christian clinging to his virginity. We'll call him Stan, not because he didn't want the

world to know that his pecker belongs to the Lord, but because he doesn't want his name printed in conjunction with the word masturbation. I asked him why a good-looking 24-year-old (the tall blond type) would make the choice to wait. "It wasn't a choice I remember consciously making," Stan told me. "It was just part of the Christian package."

The Christian package, at Youth Group Night at the Kingdom Church, means a carpeted gymnasium filled with around 60 Christian kids singing "The Lord is Good" over and over. There is a little stage at the front of the auditorium, complete with hanging glowing stars overhead, dorm-style Target lamps, and a giant golden cross backlit in neon pink. Images of steeples, clouds, and wheat billowing in the wind, scroll across a big screen TV posted in the corner. Kind of like an infomercial for God, only with more repetitive words, and an invitation to chant along.

I can only think about how fucked-up this place would look if I were on acid. As the music starts, the lead singer of the band (who for the rest of the night will instruct us to clap louder for the Lord) asks everyone to please come stand up close to the stage. A group of tweens get up real close and start swaying with their palms out, while I take a place next to some of the older boys in the back row, who have put their hands in their pockets and only sing along when no one is looking. It's exactly like a Jesus-y High School Musical, complete with a gay-faced Zac Efron type singing his heart out and making the purity girls swoon.

What I had not anticipated was how boring this shit was gonna be. During the music, my leg falls asleep twice and I keep feeling the vibration of my cell phone, which KILLS me not to check. I keep counting the number of days it's been since I last did laundry (I decide on 18).

"I'm going to make this short, because I know some of yous parents is already waiting outside in cars," the pastor says. He must be around 40, and is built like an ex-boxer, with an accent that doesn't sound like it came from the picket-fence part of Connecticut. He starts to talk about how a lot of un-Christian things are going on in the Youth Group these days, and how he has no problem trimming out the bad seeds to make the group more pure. I immediately wonder what these un-Christian acts might be. Acolytes getting busy at the altar? Bible study group-circle-jerks? But the pastor just starts to talk about the need to be nicer to each other and to listen to our elders. Bored once again, I try to look as meek as possible and tune out the Bible talk whilst daydreaming about a young Marky Mark.

No one ever says the word "sex" during the whole meeting. At one point during a lecture about how to be a good Christian, the pastor says, "I see that a lot of you are wearing purity rings. Well, that's good. But we all know there are guys that will say that they like your purity, that they like that you're a Christian, but we know that once they're in the bedroom, they're going to say 'Come on baby, I love you. Let's do it.' And what are you going to do then?"

I excitedly prepare for the Young Christians to rise up in fury and start chanting "NO!", but everyone is silent, and the pastor moves on to a different subject. The rest of the sermon focuses on gossip, drinking, pornography, and other sinful things that I secretly think are awesome. Turns out not having sex is only a small part of what makes one virginal.

I asked my friend Stan from back home if it was ever hard for him to say no to sex. "Not really," he said. "No one has ever really asked me to have sex." Stan lives in a two-bedroom Chicago apartment with three other male Christian virgins. Each bedroom has a set of wooden bunk beds—"Good for accountability," Stan said with a laugh. He and his roommates don't date much (if they did, the girl would have to be a virgin or a "born again virgin"—which is an article in and of itself) and tend to discuss the Christian response to pornography in their free time, AKA "don't jack off."

Speaking of jerking off, Stan doesn't think that masturbating is the best idea, but it doesn't worry him as much as the actual act of sex. "Hey, it's probably not the best thing to do," said Stan. "Like looking at too much porn, masturbation damages relationships. It promotes objectification of people while we ought to view people as God does—worth dying for. But, it's also not something that a person should get bent out of shape about. "Wait, so when women masturbate, does it still objectify us? Christian rules are sooo confusing. I just want to get back to simple stuff, like watching dating shows while drinking a bottle of cheap wine.

As we said our goodbyes, I asked Stan if he had anything more to say.

"When you get home to Chicago, do you want to sleep with me?" he asked.

"What if I said yes?"

He laughed, and responded, "I'd have to say no, but I'd be very flattered."

"What about a hand job?" ★






# LET THEM EAT KATE

## How We Got Crushed Out On Katy Perry

Words by Yasi Salek
Photos by Jeremy Scott



Makeup: **Jake Bailey** for Tracey Mattingly, Hair: **Aaron Light** for Celestine, Special Thanks: **Donato Sepulveda, Davis Factor & Smashbox Studios**



This page: All clothes by **Jeremy Scott**, Shoes by **Giuseppe-Zanotti**. Facing page: Troll de Jolie dress by **Jeremy Scott**, boots by **Jeremy Scott for Adidas**, See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.





Keith Haring print jacket by **Jeremy Scott for Schott**, bra & shorts by **Jeremy Scott**, Shoes by **Giuseppe-Zanotti**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Monkeys are unruly. Katy Perry knows this firsthand, as a primate (insisted upon by Jeremy Scott, the photographer and neon-clad stylist extraordinaire) managed to urinate on her during the course of the photo shoot. Britney would probably take this as an excuse to cry and mutilate herself in some way. Miley Cyrus might have run off and taken nude photos on her cell phone. And Mariah? Let's not even imagine what she would've done. But Perry took it all in stride, and after showering to remove all traces of monkey pee, threw on a robe and sat for her interview, looking unruffled and lovely in her new coif (cut into a stylish bob on set) and still perfect make-up. I almost forget that moments earlier she was being pissed on by a screaming monkey. Almost.

Katy Perry gives really good boy-advice: "Does he make you a better person? If not, ditch him… I think women have a lot of need to want to save men, but we just can't." I nod knowingly, because I may or may not have spent one-third of our allotted interview time talking her ear off about my romantic problems, which she not only patiently listened to, but sagely responded to with words of wisdom, just like any close girlfriend would. Because that's how you feel when you hang out with Perry. Not like she's a mega-ultra-huge pop star whose hit single "I Kissed A Girl" spent a whopping ten weeks at number one (tying it with The Beatles "I Wanna Hold Your Hand"), and whose glamour-puss style has the likes of Jeremy Scott and Karl Lagerfeld singing her praises, but like she's your annoyingly pretty pal who soothes your broken heart with wise words, then drags you out dancing to forget about it all.

Despite the fact that she's a total bro disguised as a pin-up girl, there are those that go above and beyond the call of duty to hate on her in diverse and creative ways. She's been called a misogynist, a pseudo-feminist, a religious backslider, a faux-mo, and various other epithets unfit to print. Snoop Dogg talks about girls in the living room getting it on, Young Dro has a song titled "Girl Has a Girlfriend," and Too $hort has more girls making out than Joe Francis. And guess what? I kissed a girl too. Because I went to college; not because I was hell-bent on making a mockery of gay rights. People, please.

Does Perry retaliate? Does she lash out with middle fingers and terribly rebellious spiked jewelry like another pop star we know (Perry's pal Perez was quoted as saying "If Avril were actually talented, pretty, and had an appealing personality, she'd be Katy Perry")? No. She demurs, and kills them with kindness (and astronomical record sales). Some of that Christian goodwill must have remained (both Perry's parents are pastors—yes, we will mention it; no, we will not dwell on it). In fact, by all accounts Perry is fiercely loyal to her family and protective of their beliefs, contending that they found religion when they needed it most. Both Mom and Pop dabbled in their share of the Devil growing up, including briefly dating Jimi Hendrix (Moms) and moonlighting as an acid dealer (Pops). For Perry, the only remnant of growing up in a household where rock and roll music was outlawed, is a delicate Jesus tattoo on her left wrist, which she cites as a reminder of where she came from.

More importantly, she has the whole world wondering where she'll go. Talking to her, you get the feeling that she was born to be a humongous pop star. She sparkles when she talks, stops traffic, charms the pants off of everyone... You get the idea. She's one of *those* girls. You don't want to hate her, you want to be her. These girls are rare, because it's not their beauty that captivates us, but their confidence and energy. They're not always the most popular or even the coolest, but they make bold moves. They seem to walk through fear with ease. They make mistakes, fuck up, fall off their bikes, and it's not a big deal. They just get back up. We want to be around them so that some of whatever it is they have might rub off on us. In science words they're called "magnets."

When I ask her how weird it is to have such a major fan following, she responds, "I guess it would be weird if the fans weren't so cool. They're all very creative, and artsy, and think outside the box." The "hardcore" fans number in the thousands and post to katyperryforum.com under threads like "You know you're a Katy Fan when" (sample post: "you kno ur a katy fan when u try to make every aspect of ur life just like hers, and when u'v planned ur whole entire future out to become just like her before u'v even turned 13.") She was similarly relaxed about working with the legendary Glen Ballard (who had legions of teenagers wondering exactly what kind of girl would go down on you in a theater). "I didn't really retain it. I got used to walking into the recording studio and seeing all these plaques. That was super normal for me."

This may sound like a pretty blasé attitude, but let us not forget that Perry was in this business long before she kissed a girl. She spent some time in Nashville with her parents' gospel music connects (hey, Christians network too), where she honed her guitar skills and even recorded an album under the name Katy Hudson (she later changed her name to avoid confusion with the actress). She was signed to —and subsequently dropped from—multiple labels (including Island Def Jam and Columbia), and was even called upon by songwriting superstars The Matrix (Britney, Xtina, K. Clarks) to head an ultimately aborted project. She finally caught a break with Capitol Records in 2007. So, it's not that she's not grateful. She's just exhausted. "For the past seven months I've had five hours of sleep a night. I've traveled all over the world, done fifteen interviews a day, been poked and prodded and complimented and everything in between," she says. "But I realize, at twenty-four, that I got super lucky."

Take away the fact that she may pal around with Paris Hilton and be able to walk the red carpet with her eyes closed, and she's refreshingly normal (or, rather, unfortunately normal. We're so sick of stars being "just like us!" We like our celebs culty and druggie, thank you). She's obsessed with fruit (seriously) and kittens. She doesn't watch much TV (because of her travel schedule), but is addicted to blogs (some of her favorites include Cuteoverload.com, foundshit.com, and of course the *Missbehave* blog) and she even has her own—filled with musings and funny pictures—at Katyperryblog.com. The star of the site is, hands down, the Perry's cat, an adorable striped feline named… Kitty Purry (cue uncontrollable "aw"). Perry on Purry: "Kitty Purry, she's from the street. We have very similar stories. She got around, you know. She wouldn't go away, and she just became a snuggle friend. She had two litters of babies, because she's a slut. I fucking hated cats, but I love her."

While she's clearly fond of extravagant metaphors, Perry is much more straightforward in responding to my question about her future, career-wise. "I want to be smart about everything I do," she says, slowly. "I'd like to do something in film, but I don't want to make *Glitter*. I don't want to just be Katy Perry: Pop Singer. I know it sounds cheesy, but if Angelina can be this woman now, from the blood vessel wearing Billy Bob Thorton girl, then wow! I want people to say 'That's the girl who sang *I Kissed a Girl*?' I haven't figured it all out exactly yet, but I know that's what I want." Seeing her clamly sitting there, enrobed and anxiously awaited by her entourage (no doubt eager to whisk her off to her next commitment), I can't help but feel like this is a girl who gets whatever she wants. It seems like it's pretty hard to say "no" to her. With her big, round, polka-dot eyes, and her thick, black, spider-leg eyelashes batting away, we all say "yes" to the infectious Miss Katy Perry. ★





# Wild Honey Pie

## *Everyone* Prefers Blondes

Photos by Miko Lim
Styling by Allison Miller



Makeup: **Daniel Martin**, Hair: **Anthony Campbell for Cutler/Redken**, Model: **Silje** @ Code; Stylist Assistant: **Tilla Johnson**, Makeup Assistant: **Lisa Hernandez**, Custom lettering: **Jeremy Pettis**



Lace top and skirt by **Jeremy Scott**, Bracelets by **Wendy Nichol**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Dress by **Carolina Aubele**, Shoes by **Report Signature**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.







Jumpsuit by **Sass & Bide**, Shoes by **Report Signature**, Necklace by **Wendy Nichol**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Leotard by **Jeremy Scott**, Boots by **Jeremy Scott for Adidas**, Gloves by **Carolina Aubele**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.





Swimsuit by **Ksubi**, Heels by **Report Signature**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



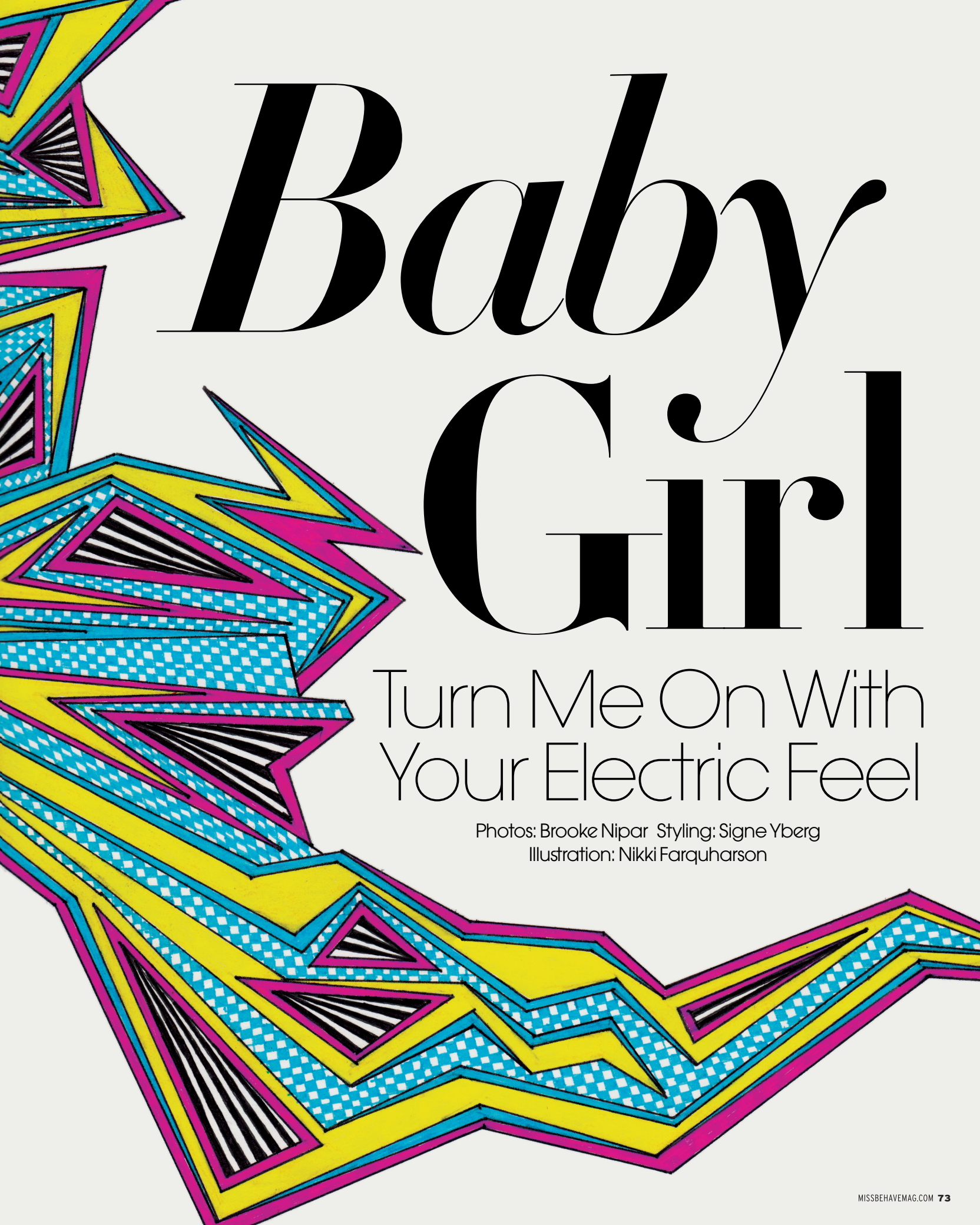
Crop top by **Mara Hoffman**, Briefs by **Lorick**, Yellow pumps by **The Blonds**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Makeup: **Deanna Melluso** for M.A.C. @ Factory Downtown, Hair: **Staci Child** for Cutler/Redken @ Factory Downtown, Model: **Rachel** @ Muse

# Baby Girl

## Turn Me On With Your Electric Feel

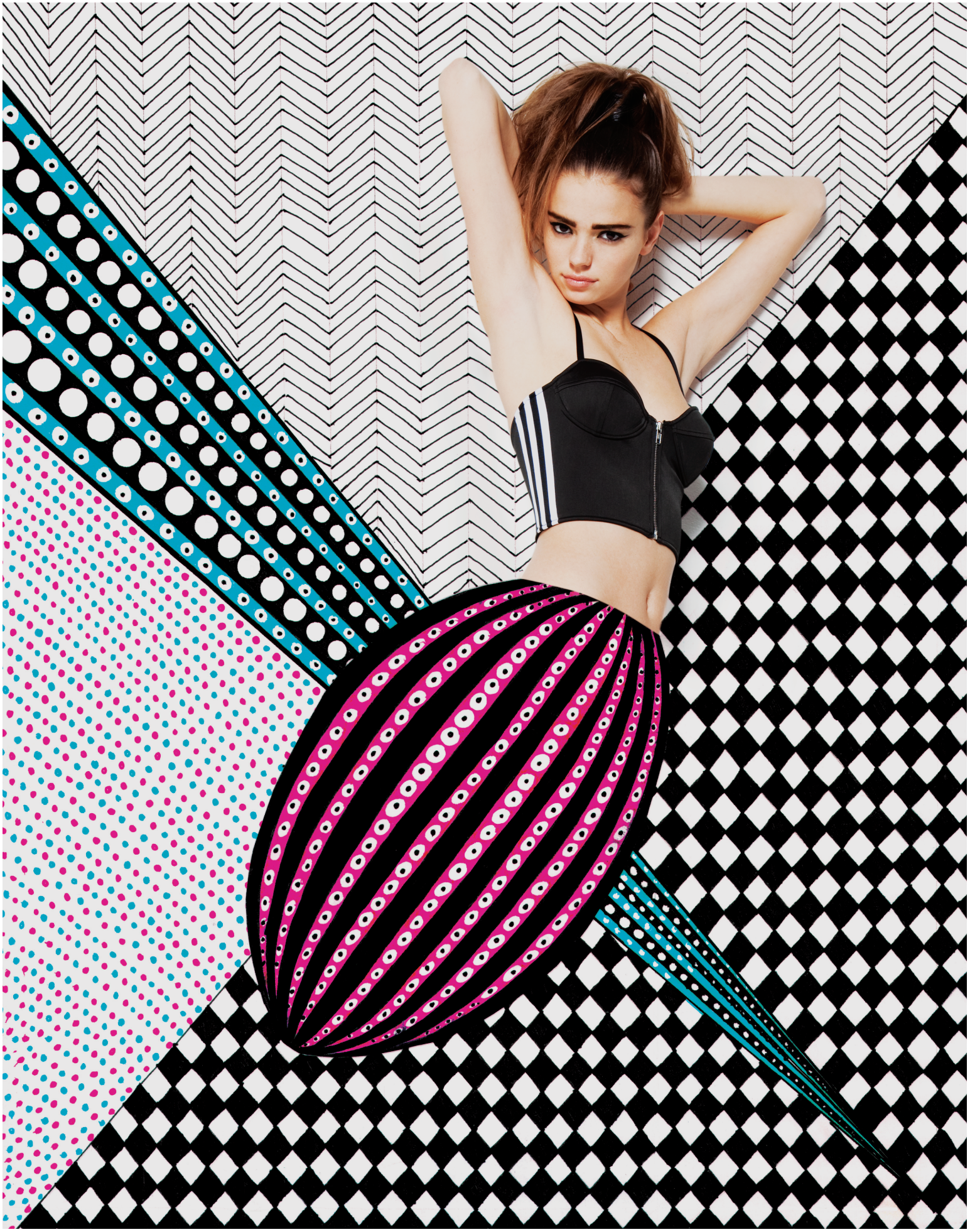
Photos: Brooke Nipar  Styling: Signe Yberg
Illustration: Nikki Farquharson





This page: Silk top by **Harlan Bel**, Skirt by **House of Holland**, Pumps by **Mango**. Facing page: Bra top by **Gar-de**, Leather skirt by **Guilty Brotherhood**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.







Facing page: Bustier by **Jeremy Scott for Adidas**, This page: Halter top by **Miss Sixty**, Skirt by **Mara Hoffman**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Facing page: Leather skirt by **Guilty Brotherhood**, Strappy heels by **House of Holland**. This page: Black bodysuit & skirt by **Preen**, Suede booties by **Jenni Kayne**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.




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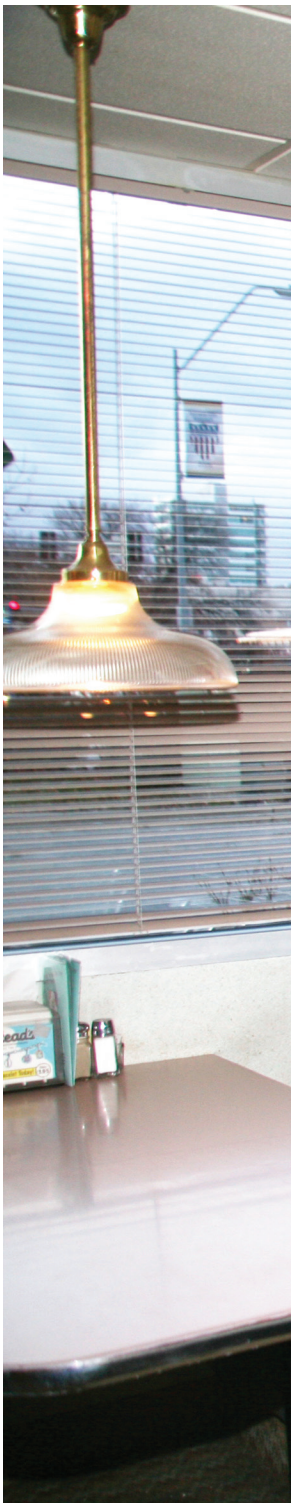
# NOBYMALTOWN

## We're the Deadbeat Club




Photos by Jaimie Warren  Styling by Peggy Noland










Facing page top: White headpieces by **Erica Mahinay**, Sequin Jacket & stripe leggings by **Made in America**, Red & black leggings by **Tripp**, Polka dot pants by **Ctrl**. Facing page bottom: T-shirt by **Ssion**, *Whatever* jacket by **Cody Critcheloe**, Sequin leggings (worn as scarf) by **Worship Worthy**. This page: Sequin Baby suit by **Made in America**, Blue stripe leggings by **Tripp**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.





Left to right: Black Silk shirt by **Natural Disaster**, Silk Tie by **Tom Ford**, Black Blazer & Maroon Shirt by **RIP VIP**, Stretch Wool Blazer by **Vivienne Westwood**, Black blazer & shirt by **Peggy Noland**, Black button down shirt by **Hugh Manatee**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Black blazer shirt & sweatshirts by **Peggy Noland**, Jacket by **Made in America**.
See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Silver sweatsuits by **Made in America**, Gray leopard denim jacket by **Tripp**, Neon light tank dress by **Insight**, striped bodysuit by **Made in America**, brick wall bodysuit by **Judi Rosen**, swimsuits (worn on head) by **55DSL**, Sequin leotard by **Worship Worthy**, polkadot pants by **Ctrl**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.





## ROLLERDERBY

Continued from page 53

This guy and I ended up writing extended remixes of our lives in elaborate letters to each other—like ten-pagers every three days. After several months of this, I couldn't take it anymore; I had to meet him. So I saved up a couple paychecks from Contempo, went to a travel agent, convinced her that I was old enough to travel alone, and bought a plane ticket to go see him for 24 hours. I simply lied to my parents that I was sleeping over at my friend Patty's house for the night, then got on a plane to Washington, D.C., where my pen pal picked me up and whisked me away to his depresso apartment a state away.

We watched a biker werewolf movie and I ate saltines. He turned on a strobe light and invited me to dance, which I declined. When he asked for a kiss goodnight, I said no. I was back on the plane by morning, and really lucky that nothing bad happened to me. And though it was a totally weird experience, we remained friends.

A couple of years into my obsession with the world of Lisa Carver, I decided to take it to the next level. I'd already been writing to her, and had even sent her a photo of myself, which she had published. So, I sent her a slew of other photos that a friend had taken of me wearing '50s dresses in an abandoned convenience store parking lot in Missouri covered in dried tomato paste, ketchup from packets, and spit, posing as if I were dead. I landed myself a *Rollerderby* cover, and Lisa came to New York, where I was living for the summer, to interview me.

After that issue ran, I didn't have to go looking for weirdos anymore—they found me! I attracted wealthy creeps who wrote me letters under the influence of five Percocets or whatever, wondering what I kept in my handbag and what I loved to do. "In light of the fact that you are in the bloom of youth," wrote a nearly seven-foot-tall weightlifting aristocrat, "some might think that you don't know yet. I must disagree, being of mind that people are fully developed by age ten." He sent me authentic Victorian gowns that fit perfectly.

A lawyer in Los Angeles purchased several poster-size photos of me from the convenience store parking lot shoot. He told me he had a gallery of photos in his home of young women posing dead. Once, he drew me a picture with his own blood, of a stick-figure-girl playing in the sun. Somehow this didn't bother me. I lived with a bunch of punks in an enormous guesthouse (five bedrooms, two fireplaces, sauna, basketball court, volleyball court, private lake, etc.) on a compound belonging to a state representative whose son I was friends with. My rent was only $100, so I could afford to just sit around and wait for money and presents to show up in the mail.

Lisa had effectively taught me how to not be scared of the universe. I could tell these *Rollerderby* types weren't necessarily happy, but they invented their own big lives instead of just taking what was handed to them and moping away. Most importantly, they didn't care what anyone else thought of them. They were real people: passionate and free, sails swelling with the warm wind of devil-may-care. Some people like this take refuge in Buddhism and modern spirituality. We took refuge in Lisa's zine.

When she ended the zine in 1999, pretty much without warning, I was shocked and angry, but also ready for it to end. There was no magazine then, or since, to take its place (though the one you're holding right now is doing a pretty good job), but back then I was 22-years-old, and ready to emit into the world all the strength and curiosity I'd gathered from her. I wanted to ditch my sensei and go fight the ninja of square-box monoculture.

She and I stayed in touch throughout the years—I performed in, and toured with Suckdog a couple times, hitchhiked my way across the country to her house for a party, served as the prize for an online contest she hosted (I tortured the poor guy until he came out of the closet) and showed up wearing glittery pants in one of her later books—but the nature of our relationship had changed. We were on an equal playing field. We were friends. It is a very odd thing to be friends with your hero; because, now, whose wing are you gonna hide under when things get tough?

Lisa recently told me she's been auctioning off her archives, and that she expects photos of, and letters from, me to fetch a pretty penny. I'm not sure how I feel about this. On the one hand, it's flattering that anyone would want to pay for that stuff; on the other, it's as if my formative years are being sold off by the person who shaped me most. I feel a little like a foster child who's being put up for sale on eBay. Even though those times were precious to me, reading my own journals from back then is an exercise in tedium. It's just conclusion after conclusion of How To Be. But damn, did I have a good time figuring it all out. ★

# SOPHOMORE

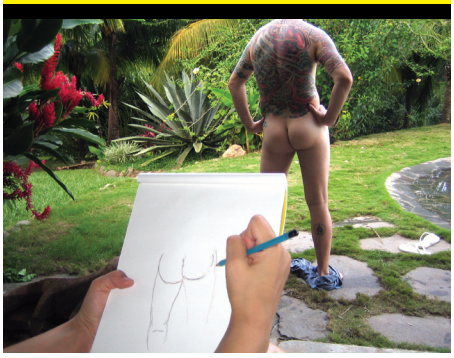


PHOTOGRAPHED BY CASS BIRD
sophomorenyc.com

# last call

Last but not least!

## INVENTIONS I THOUGHT OF WHILE STONED
by Gavin McInnes



Smoking pot is bad for the environment and it makes your eyes jealous. It's also a gateway drug and that means it can lead to much harder ideas like... inventions. Anyhoozles, here are three ideas my pot brain is giving to you—in the face.

### LEARNING HOLIDAYS

School is all about the minute hand. When it's at 15 past the hour, you try not to look at the clock because it's too far from the end. But when it gets closer to 30, you can start rationalizing: "Twenty-five minutes after is basically 30, and once it's half past, you're only 15 minutes away from quarter to. Then we get to 45 and it's just a wind down 'til the end of the hour. Then we can get the FUCK out of here."

About a decade after you graduate high school, everything changes and facts suddenly become interesting: "Wait, we lost how many in the Civil War? 600,000? Couldn't we have just separated?" If I were back in school now, my hand would be up so much I'd have muscles. So let's go back to school. We can't? Oh yeah, we have jobs now. Shit. OK, what about this: Concentration Camps!

You couldn't call them that, but it's a thing where you go on vacation with your family and the kids go on a hike or whatever and you sit with other eager old people learning about whatever course that particular camp is devoted to. It's four hours a day in small classes with big comfy chairs and basically the biggest expert in the world. Civil War is one camp. The History of Europe is another. What about a life drawing camp where you learn to draw perfect bodies all day?

When you're a kid, learning about anything other than who's in The Virgins is torture. Get those kids away from the minute hand and into the factories. School should start at 30. If you can't work that out, at least send us 30-and-overs to, um, "Think Camp."

### THE LIKE DETECTOR

Saying "like" has gone from a way to pause before describing something to a full-blown language virus. It now replaces entire expressions: "When I walked in, my boss was like (strange face made) and I'm all (guilty face)." People even do it after a funny anecdote when everyone's laughing, as in: "And I told them like, you're not, like, invited." Then a "L-i-k-e!" is stuck in the middle of the laugh. Ew. You have a "like" in your laugh. If people (especially girls, especially in New York) had any idea how much they say it, they would bow their heads in shame and say, "I'm, like, illiterate." So, we should take advantage of the amazing leaps and bounds made in Voice Recognition Technology and have a little red light that sits on your shoulder and flashes when it hears the word. You don't have to wear it all the time, and it's not going to shock you. It's not about that. It's about raising awareness. I'd like to buy one for my wife, and for *Missbehave*'s editor, and just have them wear it for one gossip sesh. After an hour of more blinking lights than a fire engine parked at a rave, I would remove both detectors, touch the girls on the back, and say: "I'm sorry you had to learn this about yourself. Going forward all we can ask for is a desire for change. Let's do this together."

### BUTT PLUG CHAIR

Even the most portable chairs are a pain in the ass. You have to fold them up and lug them around and that weird rust water spills on your pants if they've been left on the roof all winter. How about a very wide-rimmed butt-plugish type thing that has an extended pole on the back that you can pull out to be 4' long and then stick in the ground? The plug nestles in the crack of your jeans (or exposed underwear if you're urban) and then you spike your extenda-pole into the soil with such fervor that it can't move. You can't squat down on it like it's a real chair, but you can lean back on it with the majority of your body weight. And at an outdoor concert where the Band plays for six hours, that can be a godsend. Especially when they sing "Take a Load off Fannie."

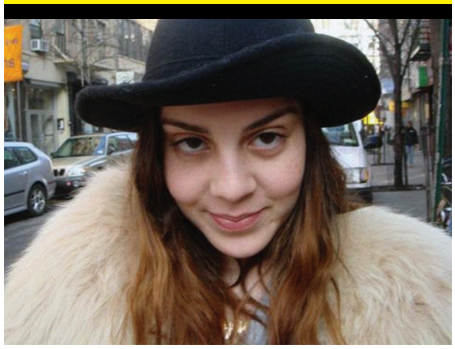
## BOOK REVIEW: Tiny Vices



We embrace vices of all shapes and sizes. No wonder Aperture's new series of books, "Tiny Vices," made us cream our panties a little. Photographers like Jaimie Warren and Robin Schwartz document the little but hedonistic things that keep life interesting. In Schwartz's book *Amelia's World*, her nymphet daughter is seen surrounded by hairless cats, embracing a monkey dressed like a toddler, and donning sequins while offering a goat milk through a baby's bottle. Warren's book, *Don't You Feel Better,* reminds us that not all sins end with an unwanted pregnancy. One photo shows Warren wrapped in a knitted blanket creeping into Jesus' manger as if she were the fourth and vital king. We are pretty sure God will strike her with a lightning bolt if he ever stops laughing. Start sinning at aperture.org.—*Maude Standish*

Ass photo: **Gavin McInnes**, Jaimie Warren photo: **Courtesy of Apeture**

## TABATHA TALKS
### Best New York Sex Spots



For the last 3 years, the Married to the Mob blog has been run by the wise-ass Tabatha, who loves running her yap. The Internet is no longer big enough for us, and *Missbehave* was crazy enough give us our own ADHD section. For the spring segment, we've decided to come up with a list of the five best public places in New York to have sex.

**ROOFTOPS**

The rooftop thing was pretty much unanimous in the office. New York City rooftops are notorious enough as is, so getting plowed on one? Yes please! One of our girls said she specifically likes it doggy-style, bent over the ledge and looking down on a hipster-polluted street. That way she can either: a) Spit on them, or, b) Use them as a distraction when the sex is mediocre. Just be sure not to get black tar on your knees, sluts!

**ELEVATORS**

The idea of doing it in some shitty project lift with graffiti that says "Chico wuz here" and "Tianna has the germ" thrown up everywhere, could definitely get someone in the mood. Getting caught is half the fun, and in the elevator of some trife building it's probably par for the course. Although, it's not really that exciting. Go for it *Pretty Woman* style, like in the elevator at the Ritz. And don't forget to tip the busboy.

**CARS/CABS**

I once heard a story from an intern about how she was giving her dude dome while he was driving and he crashed into a cop car. Sounds like an urban myth, but it's a pretty sweet fantasy… Wu Tang on the radio, your dress pushed up past your boobs, and a grape flavored Bambu joint to help you regain composure once the deed is done. Don't forget, snacks in the glove compartment is a must… something really gross like pink Sno Balls.

**BAR/RESTAURANT BATHROOMS**

Since this is supposed to be about NYC sex spots, locations have to be named. The bathroom at Max Fish is so depressing and smelly, that doing it in there is a bottoming out. Mars Bar might be fine if you're in the mood to get The Clap. For those of you that love to self-spectate, the bathroom at Enid's in Brooklyn (right door only) has a table in front of a mirror. Supposedly, the Supreme Trading bathroom is good too. But if you don't wanna worry about drunk jerks yelling at you through the door while you're necking like you just escaped from Juvie, the Tribeca Grand bathroom is your best bet. The bathroom is fancy, and with a floor-to-ceiling stall door, it becomes your own private Poconos retreat.

**THE PARK**

I hate when people say that New York lacks flora and fauna. The urban jungle is full of little natural escapes. Central Park or Riverside by night? Gotta watch out for creepy deviants and undercovers, though. But if I had to pick the ultimate outdoors location for some X-rated activity, it would be up in the willow tree at the Brooklyn Botanical Garden. That thing is big enough for a fucking orgy (pun intended). After you're done fucking like bunnies, you can go look for real bunnies and pretend you're in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Then go down the block for some stewed neckbones and plantains to replenish your bloodsugar.

## WICCA PEDIA
### Ouija Board, Ouija Board




I swear to G-d this happened. The year was 1987. The room color, mint green with splashes of lavender. The game? Ouija. It was Tara Schwartz, Amy Marks, Talia Capabianco, and me. The vibes were heavy, and deceased grandparents were DEFINITELY being contacted. The pivotal moment occurred when we asked the spirit to "give us proof they were in the room," and, suddenly, CRASH! A glass that had been sitting on the dresser fell straight to the floor. All of us freaked and cried and called our moms begging to be picked up (and then changed our minds, called our moms back, and asked if we were allowed to stay for dinner because Tara's mom was getting McDonald's). Still, we were super freaked out. The rules of Ouija are as follows: Rule number one: Don't ever play Ouija alone. The evil spirits will definitely invade your soul forever. That's what happened in the movie *Witchboard* (basically). Rule number two: Um, there aren't any other rules. Even the "only two fingers on the planchette" rule isn't a real rule. Kids love rules so much that they make them up when there aren't any. Ouija proved that being a ghost could eventually be an option, (hooking up the girls who weren't buyng the whole bit about Heaven). The witchcraft section at the library was always a sweet escape from mom; the idea of casting spells and using your body to channel a spirit seemed totally awesome. Hasbro knows what time it is, because they've just come out with a pink Ouija board! That's right, it's cotton candy pink with bubble letters and a somewhat vaginal looking planchette. Don't mistake pink for safe. Our favorite professional demonologists, The Warrens (check out

## DEAR BOY
### Judah Friedlander
### The Champion of the World




You know Frank on 30 Rock? That's Judah! Check his website at judahfriedlander.com

Dear Boy,
Is it true that the more you ignore someone, the closer they get? Or do they just forget about you because you're "Out of sight, out of mind"?
Love, Song Lyrics In My Diary

You know what? I think I'm going to ignore your question, and then maybe you can figure the answer out yourself. Ignoring sucks. We're humans - interact!

Dear Boy,
Who do you think is the cutest girl in the tabloids today? Like, who is your dream celebrity crush?
Love, Us Weekly

Tabloids. Not sure about that one. Reading is not one of my strong points. I will tell you this: Cute chicks hang out at Whole Foods but not at McDonald's. Although McDonald's gets cute chicks working there sometimes. All right, you need an answer. I'll go with Winona Ryder or Bea Arthur.

Dear Boy,
Landing strip, '70's bush, or pre-pubes-escent?
Love, a Math Tutor

Hey Math Tutor! First of all, I hate math, but tutors are hot, so I'm already diggin' you. Not the landing strip—too '80's. I love the '80's, but not that shit. Pre-pubes-escent… That might be worse than the landing strip. '70's bush, now we're gettin' better, just keep it somewhat under control. As long as a chick isn't hairier than me, I'm cool.

Send your questions to: dearboy@missbehavemag.com

the husband and wife ghost fighting team online), have said, "Ouija boards are as dangerous as doing drugs." Uh, really? What's kind of creepier is Ouija does work, just not the way we hoped. According to the all-knowing Wikipedia, "Users subconsciously direct the path of the triangle to produce a word that is in that person's subconscious thought process. This subconscious behavior is known as idiomatic action." Does our subconcious make the planchette move on the Ouija board? Possibly. Possibly not. Maybe it's not a question of, "Are ghosts real?" but more of "What is our subconscious trying to tell us?" Maybe it doesn't mean shit, but a glass fell the fuck off the dresser that day. So either one of us girls *Carrie*'d it, or it was a mere coincidence. Any way you slice it, the moral of this issue's Wicca Pedia column is GHOSTS ARE REAL.—*Lisa-Brett Scott*

## LIFE STORY #4758: HOW I MOVED HOME
by Julia Wertz



I fell deeply in love with New York the day I decided to leave it. I'd recently moved from San Francisco to the festering asshole that is the border of Bushwick and Bed-Stuy. I lived off the Flushing stop, home to a decrepit hospital, dollar stores, piles of chicken bones, and broken umbrellas. The day I arrived, while hauling a giant suitcase into my building, an old man with a hook for a hand ambled by and said, "Hey little girlie, you don't belong here." I stood in the doorway for a moment, shocked, not because of his words, but because he really, honestly, had a hook for a hand. Who the fuck has a hook for a hand outside of Disney movies and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*?

When I moved to New York, I had what some might call a prolonged mental breakdown. I had five different jobs. I landed freelance work with magazines I once loved, only to become disillusioned with them. A book proposal I worked on was shelved. My roommate moved her weird French boyfriend in with us for a month, and another roommate had a girlfriend who had a three-year-old that never shut the fuck up. My brother went to rehab, my stepdad got cancer, and my father had a stroke. I moved three times.

I self-medicated with booze. The comics I drew and the writing I produced during that year are some of my worst, as I struggled with writer's block and a seemingly unending barrage of bad luck. Around the peak of my breakdown, I came to consciousness to find myself in a 24-hour laundromat in my pajamas eating Cracker Jacks at 4 am. When I began to flirt with sobriety, it thanked me with a wicked case of shingles, which is like adult chickenpox. Adding injury to insult, I got them on my ass. I couldn't sit down for two weeks.

A month later, still knee-deep in hatred for New York, I visited San Francisco. It was fucking fantastic. While strolling through Lower Haight, I went on a tirade about the trash, filth, and ugliness of New York. After indulging me for far too long, my friend Austin surreptitiously noted that "people love to blame the architecture for their misery," and it dawned on me. I'd become a whiny, petty, self-loathing turd of a person. I'd become a New Yorker!

I'd allowed all the jobs, all the moving, and all the failures to obscure the things that New York had given me. It had given me a book deal, freelance gigs, perspective, and delicious pizza. I realized that where San Francisco was like a big warm hug on a foggy day, New York was a swift kick in the balls when you're already down. I was ready to suck it up and fight back.

The day I returned to New York, I saw something that changed the way I would see it forever. While walking to my latest job, I turned the corner to find a man sitting on the curb, wearing a balloon hat, and openly and unabashedly sobbing. By some kind of bizarre transference of misery, I could physically feel a weight lifting from my chest, and my own petty sadness disappearing. I realized that even though New York is a bitch, sometimes a bitch is just what you need.

## FILM SCHOOL
Savannah Smiles



I've always wanted to get married. I've fantasized about the day some dude proposes, and that fantasy all started with a little movie called *Savannah Smiles*. The proposal goes like this: We're visiting Niagara Falls, or someplace where there's a waterfall. My boyfriend is wearing a beaten-up leather jacket and he says, "BRB, I'm going to get us some ice cream cones." When he comes back, double fisting ice cream cones, I notice there's a large bulge in his zippered up jacket. "What's that?" I ask him. "What's what?" He replies. "That large bulge in your jacket. And now it's moving!" And just before I'm about to freak the fuck out because I think an alien is going to rip through his torso, a tiny

## GOSEE: Rachel Ballinger



Where are you from? Toronto. Agency? Muse. Drug of choice? Ew, drugs are gross. Party anthem? "PYT" by Michael Jackson. If you weren't a model what would you be? Firefighter. What's the grossest thing about you? Sometimes I pick my nose. What movie makes you cry? *The Neverending Story,* when he can't get Atrayu out of the mind. Who is your favorite model? Janice Dickenson. This photo was taken by Brooke Nipar at the *Missbehave* office. See their story on pg 72.

Photo: **Brooke Nipar**

pink nose fights its way to the top of his jacket. Is that... What? That's right world, it's a black lab wriggling out of the jacket, and into my heart. The clincher is that, on the puppy's collar is a navy blue velvet box, and inside that box is a 5 karat canary yellow diamond.

Everything about this scene (except for the diamond ring part and the fact that I'm not a golden-haired five-year-old) is lifted straight from the movie *Savannah Smiles*. Savannah is a happy-go-lucky rich kid who one day gets bored at a playground and climbs into the backseat of a random car to take a nap, unaware that the owners of said car are Bootsie and Alvie, two small-time crooks (with big-time hearts). Bootsie and Alvie have no idea the little princess is sleeping in the back until they get pulled over and the officer lets them go cuz he thinks they're just gay dads or something. Eventually, the whole country starts freaking cuz the Senator's daughter is kidnapped by two outlaws. The two outlaws are shitting tons of bricks because they've gone from robbing soda machines to asking for a million dollars in ransom. Unfortunately for the "bad" guys, when Savannah (who is a cross between the little girl from *Poltergeist* and a poster of a kitten wearing a tutu spooning a two-year-old who just learned how to high five) turns on the charm, all their evil plans get a kick in the nuts. Towards the end of the movie, my fantasy takes over and my boyfriend Alvie realizes he doesn't want the fucking million dollars. He wants me. Savannah eventually goes home, and eventually becomes a good friend who babysits our kids. It's amazing how cuteness can weed your garden and let the love flowers blossom higher than the tallest cartoon boner. Thanks, Savannah. —*Lesley Arfin*

## WTF?
### Ebay




There are times when it's appropriate to look at your computer screen and yell, "I won!" A good game of solitaire, your victory in a week-long Scrabulous tournament, an email from a dude in Nigeria who decided you are set to inherit his millions: all total wins. But a low-res image of a pair of vintage boots a half a size too small that you just shelled out $300 for on eBay? Umm... Not so much. That $20 gift card to Bath & Body Works you received from the office raffle? You won. That Employee of the Month plaque given to you by your high-school era fast food job and its accompanying order of free fries? You totally won. Those tickets to the bridal expo your sister managed to aquire (regardless of her proximity to marriage) from her entry in some raffle at the mall? She won, and technically you lost since you had to go with her. UPS dudes delivering eBay packages are greeted like Ed McMahon showing up with a giant cardboard million dollar check and an alarming amount of balloons. Yet, the poor waiter bestowing free breadsticks upon the table at Olive Garden receives little celebration at all. I certainly can't think of the last time the check-out girl at the grocery store rang me up,and began shouting out my total and embraced me in excitement. I am trying, with little success, to recall a time when the person behind me in the ATM line shook my hand and congratulated me on my withdrawal. Why? Because this doesn't happen. Because no one wins on eBay. They only lose. Losers! (The opinions of Sarah in no way reflect the opinions of *Missbehave*-Ed).—*Sarah Morrison*

## YASI TRIES
### She *Doesn't* Like It Raw



I am not a healthy person. I haven't exercised since 2006, unless you count sex (and mine is not exactly aerobic). I don't take vitamins. My five main food groups consist of French fries, Mexican food, whiskey, coffee, and items found in the freezer section at Trader Joe's. The only two remotely healthy activities I engage in are flossing and drinking Kombucha.

However, ever since I turned 25, my entire body has started to systematically fall apart, and I'm concerned. I watch an inordinate amount of doctor shows and convince myself that I'm suffering from terminal diseases. I have a headache. Must be Kawasaki disease. My wrist is sore. I have Huntington's. I feel warm. Vasculitis. A painfully healthy raw food diet seemed like the lifestyle makeover my body was sorely crying out for. I don't wanna die of heart failure at the age of 27. With newfound resolve, I decided to embark upon a week of raw food rapture.

I approached this endeavor the way I approach most things in life: capricious and spontaneous (aka blind and misinformed). I find some raw food books at Barnes & Noble, but quickly lose interest. I looked up a few recipes online, but am unfamiliar with most of the words (what exactly IS carob?). In the end, I wing it, and armed with the definition of the word "raw" (uncooked, as articles of food), I walk down to my local health food store. I spot a helpful-looking young lady with shiny baubles in her dreadlocks. "Excuse me, I'm going raw!" I proudly exclaim. She looks at me like I'm wearing a meat suit and points to a cooler. And there it is, a whole array of colorful prepackaged raw vegan options spread before me. Raw pizza? I like pizza! I throw it in my cart. Raw falafel? Sounds tasty. Oaxaca Raw Pasta, Real Live Flax seed bar, yes, yes. I pile them in and make a beeline for the checkout. Dread-head lady rings me up and without making eye contact, says, "That'll be $39.76." If this were a movie, the needle would be jerked off my Ol' Dirty Bastard record, but since it's real life, I just sort of stare and reluctantly hand her two crisp twenties. Dready pulls out a calculator to figure out my change. A calculator! Since I am not zen-minded, I shrilly bark, "It's TWENTY-FOUR CENTS!" People clutch their quinoa in disgust. "Keep the change," I mutter, and rush out.

Close encounters with stupidity always make me hungry. I tear into the falafel first. I gag. The falafel isn't half bad, but the "tahini" tastes like Nair. I chuck it. Next up is the Oaxaca pasta. The scent is so pungent that my cat walks away. It doesn't taste bad, but it doesn't remotely taste like pasta. I put it aside. The pizza remains, but it's covered in flowers?

Five minutes later, I'm seated at a comfortable vinyl booth awaiting a Piping Hot and an extra side of fries. Partly because I live around the corner from Canter's, partly because I remembered another definition of raw: Crude in quality or character; not tempered or refined by art or taste. Also, I'm a total pussy.—*Yasi Salek*

## TV PSYCHO(LOGY)
### The Larry Sanders Show




I knew by the time I was six that I was no actress. Still, I really wanted to work in Hollywood. I practically licked the pages of *Variety* when I was growing up, not sure why I was so obsessed, but, whatever. I understood movies weren't real life, but I also didn't get how they weren't. It never occurred to me that they were made at all; I assumed they just happened in my movie theater. When I was a teenager, I stumbled upon *The Larry Sanders Show* on HBO. I became enamored with Arthur, Larry's producer on the show, played by Rip Torn (incidentally, I became enamored with real-life Rip Torn as well, but that's another story). Artie epitomized everything I wanted to be. He ran the show! It was his job to make things happen without anyone knowing, like Willy Wonka or whoever invented math. He was Larry's biggest supporter. It was his job to pump Larry up and tell him how funny he was. Every night, even when Larry sucked, he ran that shit, emanating power and control 24/7. NICE! Artie was bossy, but in a controlled way, and his behavior was always justified. Even when he was a dick, it was like the good, respectable kind of dick. That was when I realized being a producer was exactly what I wanted to do for a living. And so that's what I am today. Specifically, I'm trying to become Artie, but that's a work in progress. When I'm on a set, I wield my clipboard like Artie waved his cigar: with authority. People know not to fuck with me. Kind of.—*Kate Arfin*

# Spring Break '09 Gift Guide

Buy Stuff For The Girls Who Go Wild




## ZUB 38 ZENH
Nooka

In the future, we won't need numbers. We'll just use lines and dots. Wait, was that the past? Is the future the same as the past except just neon and plastic? I'm confused. $140 at Nooka.com




## NATURAL CANE RUM
Leblon

As a rule we like our drinks pretty and sweet. Caipirinhas are perfect cuz they make us look like ladies while we get blackout drunk. $30 at bevmo.com




## DARK TANNING OIL
Banana Boat

Don't tell anyone I said this, but f*ck SPF. I want to feel like a jumbo hotdog on one of those hotdog rotisseries at the movie theater, only on the beach, and in Cancun. Banana Boat Dark Tanning Oil $7.19 at drugstore.com



## REAL BANANA BOAT
Direct Inflatables

Ok, I'm not sure if there's storage in our 400 sq foot apartments for this, but damn, we want one. I guess we'll settle for just a rental, but just the sight of this five passenger inflatable monstrosity says FUN. Island Hopper recreational 5-passenger inline banana sled $649 at directinflatables.com



## POOLSIDE GLASSES
SABRE

Unsheathed, our eyeballs would bleed in the scorching Cancun sun. $95 Sabre.fm




## MESH MUSCLE TANK
Made Me

The whole point of spring break is to be as naked as possible at all times! Don't let a lame "No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service" sign stop you from getting your bar food on. Toss on this nearly-naked mesh top and eat like, a billion steak tacos. $80 at Karmaloop.com




## THE DELANO HOTEL
Miami

If we happen to hit the lottery sometime between now and our next trip to South Beach, we'll take a room at The Delano please. If not, we'll be staying at the Surf Side Motel (or at the Hotel Coral Essex with the rest of the nerds). Rooms at The Delano start at $495 a night delano-hotel.com



## AMY GUNTHER SAILOR BONGO HEADPHONES
WESC

Wish you were going on a cruise for some strange reason, but can't? Pop these babies on, put on some ocean-wave crashing soundtrack, and smoke a joint in your bathtub. It's exactly the same... we swear. $85 at wesc.com



## ELECTRIC KOOL AID NECKLACE
Tarina Tarantino

While all the wasted girls around us are getting pearl necklaces, we are going to be strutting our stuff like hippie mama goddesses with this blinged-out floral number. $250 at Tarinatarantino.com



## NEOPRENE BRA TOP
Alexandra Cassaniti

Like, Point Break for girls. $120 at revolveclothing.com



## STREET CARNAGE TEE
Street Carnage

If you're on vacation and a dude sees you wearing this t-shirt, and he comes up to you to "talk about it," you're gonna end up boning. Everyone knows only hot guys and girls read Street Carnage. $19 at Streetcarnage.com




## BEACH BAG & TOWEL SET
Volcom

The perfect beach bag is big enough to fit a six-pack, Anna Karenina, an over-sized towel, tanning lotion, a bag of Hot Chips, and an outfit to change into later and not look like a sack. Enough said. $56 Check volcom.com/girls for local retailers



## SOMBRERO
Mexico

We may be vacationing in San Diego, but, at some point, we're making a run for the border. Why not come prepared? It's soooo much easier to buy drugs over the counter when you fit in. Large Blue and Gold Sombrero $59.95 at lafuente.com



## INNOCENCE BIKINI
Nikita

This little number is called The Innocence Bikini. We're thinking it should be called something more like The Wanna Do It? Bikini. The Innocence Bikini by Nikita, $78 at Zumiez.com



## WATERMELON CHUKKA
VANS

Toe-lickers will form a line behind you if you don these sweet kicks. For some of us at *Missbehave*, that is our definition of heaven, others not so much. $55 at vans.com/girls




## SMOOTH OPERATOR
Göt2b

If God gave you frizzy hair, you're going to need a crazy-tough arsenal to battle God in the Florida humidity. Well, look at these guns baby. $5.99 at Wallgreens.com

Fashion Buyer's Guide

# buy it now!

**55DSL** 55dsl.com
**80%20** 8020nyc.com
**A-Morir** adidas.com
**Adidas** adidas.com
**Adidas Stella McCartney** adidas.com/com/stella
**Akademiks** akademiks.com
**Alex and Chole** alexandchloe.com
**Amazon** amazon.com
**American Apparel** americanapparelstore.net
**A.P.C.** shopstyle.com
**BB Dakota** bbdakota.net
**Baby-G** baby-g.com
**Banana Boat** drugstore.com
**Betsey Johnson** betseyjohnson.com
**Black Swan** blackswanwines.com
**Burton** burton.com
**Carolina Aubele** carolinaaubele.com
**Casio Baby-G** casio.com
**Chanel** chanel.com
**Clinique** clinique.com
**Covergirl** drugstore.com
**Converse** converse.com
**Crunch Gym** crunch.com
**Ctrl** ctrlclothing.com
**Cubannie Links** karmaloop.com
**Cultist** cultistshop.com
**Davines** davines.com
**DC Shoes** dcshoes.com
**Deréon** dereon.com
**Diesel** diesel.com
**Dior** dior.com
**Dr. Martens** drmartens.com
**Flamingo Sands** Flamingosands.com
**Fred & Friends** worldwidefred.com
**Essie** essie.com
**Etnies** etnies.com
**Fila** fila.com
**Forever 21** forever21.com
**Fornarina** fornarina.com
**Funky Franny's Vintage** myspace.com/funkyfannysvintage
**Gar-de** gar-de.com
**G-Shock** gshock.com
**Giuseppe Zanotti** giuseppe-zanotti-design.com
**Givenchy** givenchy.com
**Goody** drugstore.com
**Göt2b** got2b.com
**Guilty Brotherhood** guiltybrotherhood.com
**H&M** hm.com
**Harlan Bel** nikkilaura.com
**Harriet's Alter Ego** harrietsalteregoonline.com
**House of Holland** sevennewyork.com
**Hellz Bellz** hellz-bellz.com
**Hugh Manatee** peggynoland.com
**Hysteric Glamour** aloharag.com
**Isis** ssurempirestate.com
**Insight** insight51.com
**Inspired Silver** inspiredsilver.com
**J. Shoes** jshoes.com
**Jelly Belly Sports Beans** sportsbeans.com
**Jenni Kayne** jennikayne.com
**Jeremy Scott** jeremyscott.com
**Jeremy Scott for Adidas** adidas.com/originals
**Jeremy Scott for Schott** sevennewyork.com
**John Frieda Collection** johnfrieda.com
**Judi Rosen** goodbaduglynyc.com
**Jyoti** jyotifoods.com
**Karmaloop** karmaloop.com
**K2 Skincare** k2skincare.com
**Karen Walker** karenwalker.com
**Kerin Rose** a-morir.com
**Kid Robot** kidrobot.com
**Ksubi** ksubi.com
**L.A. Looks** drugstore.com
**La Silla** yoox.com
**L.A.M.B.** l-a-m-b.com
**Leblon** bevmo.com
**Lorick** lorickneworkyork.com
**Lover** loverthelabel.com
**Leg Avenue** legavenue.com
**Lippmann Collection** lippmanncollection.com
**Lipstick Queen** lipstickqueen.com
**Look From London** lookfromlondon.com
**Luxirie** luxirie.com
**M.A.C.** maccosmetics.com
**Made Me** mademeclothing.com
**Made In America** peggynoland.com
**Mango** mango.com
**Manish Arora** manisharora.ws
**Melody Ehsani** melodyehsani.com
**Married to the MOB** marriedtothemobnyc.com
**Matthew Ames** matthewames.com
**Medusa's Makeup** medusasmakeup.com
**Miss Sixty** misssixty.com
**Miss Tina** misstina.com
**Miu Miu** miumiu.com
**Moschino** moschino.com
**Nars** narscosmetics.com
**Natural Disaster** peggynoland.com
**Nikita** nikitaclothing.com
**Nolita** nolitaonline.com
**Nooka** nooka.com
**Opening ceremony** openingceremony.us
**O.P.I.** opi.com
**Osiris** osirisgirls.com
**Patricia Field** patriciafield.com
**Paule Ka** pauleka.com
**Peggy Noland** peggynoland.com
**Philip Crangi** philipcrangi.com
**Playtex** drugstore.com
**Phi** shopstyle.com
**Preen** sevennewyork
**Princess of the Posse** princessoftheposse.com
**Puma** puma.com
**Rachel Gilman** kabiri.co.uk
**Reebok** reebok.com
**Revlon** revlon.com
**Report Signature** reportshoes.com
**Rimmel** drugstore.com
**Rocawear** rocawear.com
**Rojas** rojasonline.com
**RVCA** rvcaclothing.com
**Sambazon** sambazon.com
**Sabre** sabre.fm
**Sass & Bide** sassandbide.com
**Screaming Mimi's** screamingmimis.com
**Sebastian** sebastianprofessional.com
**Seychelles** seychellesfootwear.com
**Shane & Shawn** shaneandshawn.com
**Sophmore** sophomorenyc.com
**Spring & Clifton** springandclifton.com
**Steven by Steve Madden** stevemadden.com
**Steven Shein** stevenshein.com
**Street Carnage** streetcarnage.com
**Suwha** suwhahong.com
**Stine Goya** stinegoya.com
**Stüssy** stussydirect.com
**Super** retrosuperfuture.com
**Supra Footwear** suprafootwear.com
**Swarovski** swarovski.com
**Tarina Tarantino** tarinatarantino.com
**Tatty Devine** tattydevine.com
**The Blonds** myspace.com/phillipeanddavidblond
**The Mountain** themountain.com
**The Sockman** thesockman.com
**This Works** thisworks.com
**Todd Oldham** toddoldham.com
**Tom Ford** tomford.com
**Too Faced** toofaced.com
**Topshop** topshop.com
**Tripp NYC** trippnyc.com
**Trojan** trojancondoms.com
**Ty Ku** trytyku.com
**Uslu Airlines** usluairlines.com
**Vavoom Matrix** matrix.com
**Vans** vans.com
**Victoria's Secret** victoriassecret.com
**Victoria's Secret PINK** vspink.com
**Vincent Longo** vincentlongo.com
**Vivienne Westwood** viviennewestwood.com
**Vivienne Westwood X Melissa** melissaaustralia.com.au
**Volcom** volcom.com
**Walter Steiger** waltersteiger.com
**We Love Colors** welovecolors.com
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**Worship Worthy** worshipworthy.com
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# Employee of the Month?

## creative director sally thurer deserves a nobel prize, but she'll settle for last page



Dress by **MANISH ARORA**



**MAYBELLINE** makes the best mascara!







I ♥ NPR



Age 9




I got this in a **CHANEL** goodie bag




**BJÖRK** is my creative hero!



Dress by **BETSEY JOHNSON**



Age 11



Jews can't wear crosses, but anks are okay



I ♥ these rainbow pumps by **DERÉON**



Tirana Rinas polish by **USLU AIRLINES**



Snowflake (She is a cat.)




Canned peas & cheese by **JYOTI**

Portrait: **Angela Boatwright**, Mascara photo: **Drugstore.com**, Mug photo: **NPR**, Other still lifes: **Eduardo Juarez**


MISS
BEHANE
MAG.com




When two great things come together, magic happens. Behold the spanking new 5-door Yaris Liftback, starting at $13,305,* as shown $17,475.* Not only is it fun, but with its additional doors, 25.7 cubic feet of cargo space** and 20 convenient storage compartments, it puts the funk in function. Shine in '09 with the Yaris line-ups' bold new colors: Carmine Red Metallic (3 and 5-door Liftbacks), Yellow Jolt (3-door Liftback only) and Zephyr Blue Metallic (S Sedan only).

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